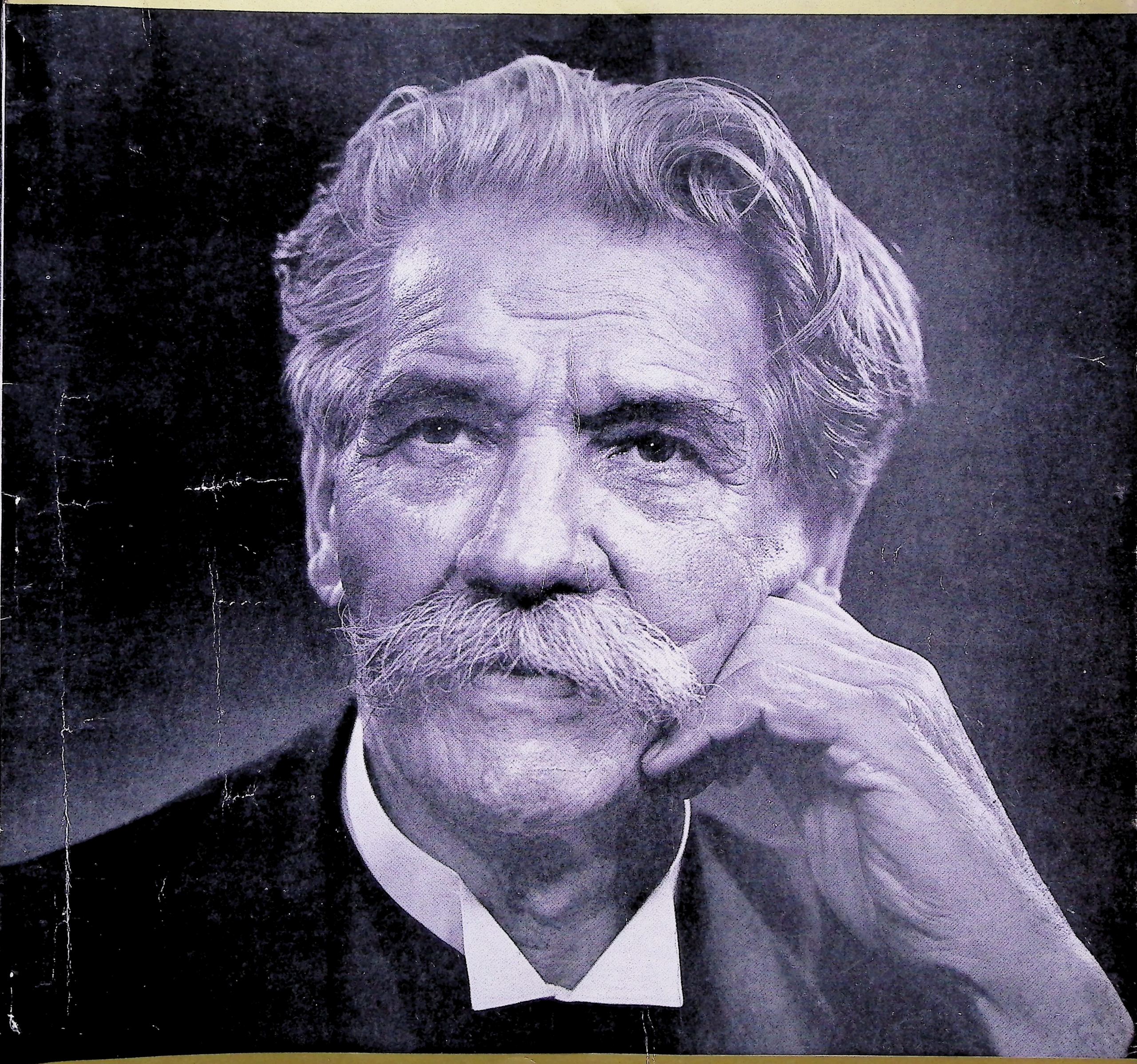
WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA



ALBERT SCHWEITZER, portrait by Karsh

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Lloyd C. Douglas • Will Durant • George Jean Nathan
Clifton Fadiman • Albert Schweitzer • Pearl S. Buck • Paul Muni
William Shakespeare • Thomas Jefferson • Mark Twain

FEBRUARY 1956

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World famous portrait photographer Yousuf Karsh of Ottawa, Canada, is shown posing Albert Schweitzer for the WISDOM cover.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Sir:
I have looked through WISDOM and have read the articles, all of which I found to be of stimulating and thoughtful interest. Your publication is beautifully designed and prepared and should find a ready response among those who seek to broaden their horizons.

JUDGE STANLEY MOSK
Superior Court
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sir:
WISDOM is a beautiful magazine. I find it to have excellent interest—for both present and future.

CHARLES H. JONES, Pres.
Bostonian Shoes
Whitman, Mass.

Sir:
WISDOM is a most exciting publication of quality and eminence.

ALFRED S. GUSSIN
Firth Carpet Co.
New York, N. Y.

Sir:
It was with a great deal of pleasure that I read WISDOM. It is indeed refreshing in these days of cluttered publications to see a new endeavor carry so much obvious forethought. I assure you that my copy has been placed where idle hands will not destroy it. The range of subjects seems to be very well chosen and I am sure that over a year's period the diversity will be indeed refreshing. I see nothing but the finest of success in your future.

DON R. CALVER
Graflex, Inc.
Rochester, N. Y.

Sir:
I am very much intrigued by WISDOM and read it with great interest. It does an excellent job of capsuling subjects of great interest and provides avenues through which many people with a very limited amount of time can add materially to cultural background.

E. A. RAVEN
United Air Lines
Chicago, Ill.

Sir:
I found WISDOM extremely interesting. Your refreshing approach to the problem of communicating ideas to intelligent people may well be a new formula which will find wide acceptance on the part of the American reading public.

A. G. SHARP, Vice Pres.
Kimberly-Clark Corp.
Neenah, Wisc.

Sir:
WISDOM represents an unusual concept in magazine publishing.

W. R. CHASE
Procter & Gamble Company
Cincinnati, O.

Sir:
WISDOM is the kind of publication which not only attracts attention but holds it, down to the last word. You are to be complimented on your excellent magazine, WISDOM.

MRS. A. WARREN CANNEY
Sec'y to Pres.
F. E. Compton & Company
Chicago, Ill.

Sir:
WISDOM is one of the most outstanding publications which I have ever seen.

L. M. GREEN, PRES.
Dr. Pepper Company
New York, N. Y.

Sir:
WISDOM is a masterpiece of editorial selection, typographical presentation, layout and print. It is easy to read and the type of publication that one would never want to part with... even after having read it from cover to cover. The selection of material leaves nothing more to be desired. You are getting out something that is unique, in a class by itself and a definite contribution to the enrichment of our culture.

MAX SHEROVER, Pres.
Linguaphone Institute
New York, N. Y.

Sir:
I am impressed with the dignity and attractiveness of WISDOM.

C. E. WOOLMAN, Pres.
Delta-C & S Air Lines
Atlanta, Ga.

Sir:
I enjoyed WISDOM immensely. As a matter of fact, my friends enjoyed WISDOM as much if not more than I. I was was gratified to see that you have included many subjects that can easily become over-technical, but that they have been handled with understanding for us who unfortunately have such busy days that we cannot always devote all the time we would like to reading.

J. S. FOUTS
Larus & Brother Co., Inc.
Richmond, Va.

Sir:
WISDOM is wonderful and it deserves to take its place among the top magazines in the country.

DICK POWELL
Columbia Pictures Corp.
Hollywood, Calif.

Sir:
WISDOM is a wonderful new magazine. All of us here feel that it is truly an outstanding publication. We appreciate the high concept and high merits.

E. G. CIRCUIT
Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Chicago, Ill.

Sir:
WISDOM is truly superb!

H. B. HASS, Pres.
Sugar Research Found., Inc.
New York, N. Y.

Sir:
WISDOM is a most attractive magazine. My wife and I were impressed by the artistic qualities of the format and the many outstanding articles.

GOV. GOODWIN J. KNIGHT
Sacramento, Calif.

Sir:
WISDOM is informative, stimulating, readable and the range of subjects is of great interest.

BARRY T. LEITHEAD, Pres.
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.
New York, N. Y.

Sir:
I can never recall being as enthused over any magazine as I have been with the advance copy of WISDOM. The range of subjects was excellent and I thoroughly enjoyed every article without exception. You are publishing a really fine magazine.

L. G. MORRIS
Endicott Johnson Corporation
Endicott, N. Y.

Sir:
WISDOM will be an outstanding publication; I enjoyed reading it very much.

G. D. HUMPHREY, Pres.
University of Wyoming
Laramie, Wyoming.

Sir:
WISDOM is beautiful and a great credit to the editors. I know of no greater need at the present time than to acquaint the public generally with age-old wisdom as well as with contemporary knowledge. It is gratifying indeed that the magazine includes photographs, paintings, and drawings of the highest caliber as well as articles of literary excellence and significance. You have been very fortunate in the way you have selected and combined these varied contributions to culture in a single issue of a splendid magazine.

PAUL WITTY
Northwestern University
Evanston, Ill.

Sir:
I have read several articles of this publication and find them to be extremely interesting and informative. WISDOM should find an important place in the homes of our citizens.

JAMES H. HILTON, Pres.
Iowa State College
Ames, Iowa

Sir:
WISDOM is wonderful, wise and has that look of permanence. I am putting my money on any magazine that has the power to paint a thought in word as well as picture, and particularly when such thought finds its way into action. The beautifully edited WISDOM will prove this ancient Arabic phrase; "A Wise man's day is worth a fool's life."

SAMUEL FULLER
Twentieth Century-Fox
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir:
WISDOM will certainly fill a void in home reading. We become so sated with the mere reporting and assimilation of news facts in the various magazines of today that we sometimes forget that our minds were primarily designed to think, not just to remember. I believe most sincerely that WISDOM will help correct that situation.

CHANDLER P. YOUNG
Henry J. Kaiser Co.
Oakland, Calif.

Sir:
WISDOM is very well edited and should find a place in the reading habits of America. Certainly the American scene needs an approach to humanities, which has not been covered adequately by any other contemporary publication.

LOUIS J. NELSON
Geoffrey Wade Advertising
Chicago, Ill.

Sir:
WISDOM will perform a very great service for its subscribers.

FRANK STANTON, Pres.
Columbia Broadcasting System
New York, N. Y.

Sir:
I found WISDOM to be highly informative and stimulating. I think WISDOM is the magazine we have been waiting for. I like the idea of such a magazine containing articles on arts and culture specifically. I find it to be an excellent reference book. It contains such a varied assortment of articles that it will appeal to almost everyone.

W. D. MOORE, Adv. Mgr.
Dodge Division
Chrysler Corp.
Detroit, Mich.

Sir:
It isn't often one has the privilege of being present at the birth of a magazine like WISDOM. I wish WISDOM a long and happy life.

EMMA LIVINGSTONE
Dept. of Journalism
Indiana University
Bloomington, Ind.

Sir:
I desire to thank you for sending me the advance copy of the first edition of WISDOM, which is attractive and has very interesting material.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU
Prime Minister of India
New Delhi, India

Sir:
WISDOM is a beautiful job. The layout and printing are excellent and should be well received. The editorial matter is designed to appeal to people of various interests. It is well selected and I feel should find ready acceptance.

JOHN R. KIMBERLY, Pres.
Kimberly-Clark Corporation
Neenah, Wisc.

Sir:
WISDOM is wonderful. We have been much impressed with the entire layout as well as the articles.

HELEN L. WATSON, Pres.
Weber College
Babson Park, Fla.

Sir:
I enjoyed WISDOM tremendously. I must confess that this is the first magazine I have ever really enjoyed reading. Words cannot quite express my enthusiasm.

SUZANNE R. WELLS, Pres.
Manag. Assoc. Conn., Inc.
Darien, Conn.

Sir:
I found WISDOM stimulating and definitely readable. The subject matter was intensely interesting because of its timeliness and almost endless variety. WISDOM is surely a Modern Miracle. The paper is excellent, the print is a joy to read. WISDOM is a magazine I shall treasure... such a banquet of good things to read, see and ponder, must be kept close by.

ELEANORE GERHARDT
American Meat Institute
Chicago, Ill.

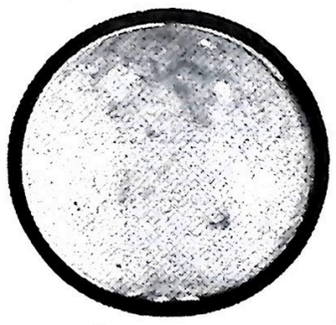
Sir:
I think WISDOM is very well done. The contents of your magazine are highly educational.

E. A. DARR, Pres.
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

From the Editor and Publisher

A quiet revolution has been going on in Mental America.

Yet die-hards are still dispensing circus-talk: popcorn and soda-pop and 12-year intelligence. People, they say, are still people—and still children at heart. So play to the primitive needs of food, sex, shelter and—you're safe!



We have no quarrel with those who elect to wear blinkers. Yet, certainly they are blind to The Great American Ferment of the last decade. True, there is much talk about The Changing American Market; but there is too little talk about The Changing American Mind.

With steadily mounting national income—and a standard of living unparalleled in world history; with shorter work hours and longer leisure hours; with an all-time high in higher education—hundreds of thousands of Intelligent Americans want to satisfy and gratify another basic hunger: *the hunger of the mind.*

The tastes and preferences of these people have broadened and risen. When more people attend art museums than baseball—as they did in 1954—it isn't just a statistic or a coincidence. It's a revelation—and a revolution. Fenton Turck, consulting engineer, has a good name for it: The American Explosion.

He compares it to the Periclean Age of Greece. He rejoices in the increasing expenditures for books, higher education, phonograph records, attendance at operas; the growing number of symphony orchestras, local opera companies, and little theatres.

What has all this to do with a new magazine called WISDOM? Everything.

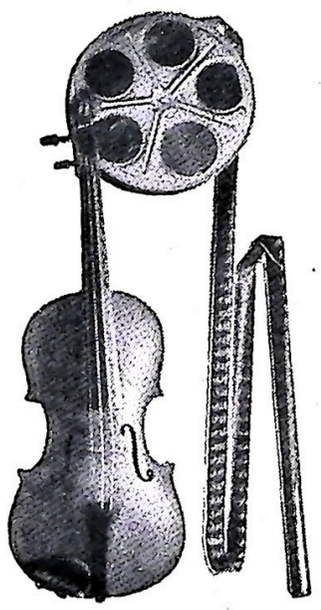
WISDOM was born because it had to be. It fills a need untapped by any other publication. It is a wholly new publishing concept. There has never been a magazine like it. It is geared and gaited to Intelligent America—to mature minds of all ages. In no way does it duplicate any other magazine—either news or the general fiction-and-fact kind. It is a magazine for our time—and for all time!

Each issue presents the dramatic story of Yesterday's age-old wisdom and Today's new knowledge and achievement: in Art, Biography, Books, Business, Education, Government, History, Humanities, Humor, Law, Literature, Medicine, Movies, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Psychology, Religion, Science, Theatre, Travel, World Affairs. Its scope is world-wide; its philosophy simple and sincere. It has been called "the most worthwhile publishing idea of our generation." It is designed for busy, intelligent men and women interested in pleasurable and profitable reading. It is a magazine that adds to your knowledge and culture without teaching or preaching.

WISDOM takes you into the minds of the most gifted men and women of Yesterday and Today. Philosopher and poet, composer and dramatist, artist and industrialist, scientist and statesman—all are here in WISDOM. In its pages the wisdom of the ages comes alive—wisdom you can use here-and-now not only for greater material success but for greater mental and spiritual attainment—for the things that money *can't* buy.

WISDOM will stand the scrutiny of time. It is basic to the maintenance of democracy. It affirms the dignity of man. It believes in the fatherhood of God and therefore proclaims the brotherhood of man. It believes in that mode of living that prepares us to meet change with courage and understanding.

There are unlimited resources of knowledge at man's disposal for his own welfare and happiness, if he would but have faith in his highest aspirations. Every step into the future is a step in the dark. We take that step because we have faith. There is no dreaming what intelligence and faith wedded to wisdom might accomplish in the world.



It is hoped that WISDOM magazine will bring us nearer to that cherished goal for which good and earnest men have yearned throughout the ages—the goal of creating a world built upon the abiding foundations of moral and spiritual truth—so that men may come to live abundantly, aspiringly and creatively and that life may become full and free, meaningful and worth living for all.

Leon Gutterman

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

ACKNOWLEDGING THE MEN AND WOMEN OF WISDOM

DR. EUSTACE CHESSER, one of England's most noted writers and lecturers on psychological subjects is the founder of Great Britain's Society for Sex Education and Guidance. "What Is Living" is taken from his book "Successful Living," © 1952 by Penguin Books, Inc.

FRANK W. NOTESTEIN, Ph.D., has long been recognized as a world authority on population developments and trends. Director of the Office of Population, Department of Domestic and International Affairs at Princeton, he served as consulting director for the Population Division of the U. N. Department of Social Affairs. "And They Shall Multiply" is from his book "Facing the Future's Risks," edited by Lyman Bryson; © 1953 by the Mutual Insurance 200th Anniversary Committee; published by Harper & Bros.

PEARL S. BUCK'S prolific and successful writings have won her the Pulitzer Prize, the William Dean Howells Award and the Nobel Prize for Literature. "At Home in the World," is from "The Family in a World at War," © 1942 by Pearl S. Buck, published by Harper & Bros.

JOHN BURROUGHS, one of America's best-loved nature classicists, penned his delightful essays in a secluded cabin he called "Slabsides." "The Art of Seeing Things" is selected from his book, "Leaf and Tendril," © 1908 by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

PAUL MUNI, whose widely diversified roles on the stage and screen have won him many acting laurels, turns author in the revealing "On Being An Actor," an essay of his own experiences.

THOMAS CRAVEN has edited "A Treasury of Art Masterpieces" and "Life of Benvenuto Cellini." His books include "Modern Art," "The Story of Painting" and "Men of Art," from which "Rembrandt, Painter of the Soul" was selected; published by Simon & Schuster, Inc., © 1931 by the author.

MARTIN S. GUMPERT, M.D., staff member of several New York hospitals and the New York Medical College, explains the mystery of "What's in a Doctor's Bag?" in an excerpt from his book, "You and Your Doctor," © 1952 by Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc.

BERNARD SHORE, musical advisor for the British Ministry of Education, is both a composer and musician. Following his book "The Orchestra Speaks" was "Sixteen Symphonies," from which "Unfinished Symphony" was selected; © 1949 Longmans, Green & Co.

GEORGE SEAVER, reviewer for the London Times literary supplement, has spent two decades studying one of the world's renowned men, whom he met while serving as Assistant Native Commissioner of Northern Rhodesia. The Editors of WISDOM have selected "Saint of Our Century" from his brilliant and revealing interpretation, "Albert Schweitzer, the Man and His Mind," © 1947 by Harper & Bros.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER, who has been called "the world's greatest living humanitarian," has revealed his deeply religious philosophy in his writings. "From the Wisdom of Albert Schweitzer" is a compilation of selections published by—The Macmillan Co.: "Memoirs of Childhood and Youth," © 1931; "Johann Sebastian Bach", © 1938; and "The Forest Hospital at Lambarene," © 1948. Henry Holt & Co.: "African Notebook," © 1939; "Out of My Life and Thought," © 1948; and "Christianity and the Religions of the World," © 1939. The Christian Century: "Religion and Modern Civilization," © 1934.

LEWIS ATHERTON, Ph.D., himself a product of small-town life in the Middle West, on which he has become an authority, has been a member of the University of Missouri faculty since 1933. His research won him a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1941 and a Newberry Library Fellowship in 1951. "Mr. McGuffey's 100,000,000 Readers" is from his book "Main Street on the Middle Border," © 1955 by Indiana University Press.

MARK TWAIN was the best-selling novelist when a book he spent 14 years preparing was published anonymously. Though it meant more to him than anything he had ever undertaken, he felt "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" would not be taken seriously under his name. "Saint Joan of Arc" was adapted from this work, © 1896 by Harper & Bros.

CLIFTON FADIMAN, popular lecturer, writer, literary reviewer and anthologist, discusses "Magic in Rereading," from the book "Reading I've Liked," which he edited; © 1941 by Simon & Schuster, Inc.

HENRY THOMAS, and his son, DANA LEE THOMAS, collaborated in their portrayal of "Aristotle," from "Living Biographies of Great Philosophers," © 1941 by Garden City Publishing Co., Inc.

LLOYD C. DOUGLAS had been a Protestant minister for 25 years when he turned to writing. The immense success of his published novels conveyed religious principles to more people than he could ever reach from the pulpit. "Living in Expectancy" is from "The Living Faith," © 1955 by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ROBERT T. MORRIS, M.D., made his first presentation on principles of the Fourth, or Physiologic, Era of Surgery at the 1909 International Medical Conference in Budapest. "Appendicitis" has been selected from his autobiography, "Fifty Years a Surgeon," © 1935 by E. P. Dutton & Co.

DR. WILLIAM HOWELLS, grandson of William Dean Howells, took up anthropological research shortly after graduating from Harvard, and is now chairman of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology, University of Wisconsin. "Other Gods" is from "The Heathens," © 1948 by William Howells and published by Doubleday & Co.

WILFRED FUNK and NORMAN LEWIS, noted philologists, stimulate awareness of everyday language in "The Romance of Words," excerpted from their book "30 Days to a More Powerful Vocabularly," © 1942 by Wilfred Funk, Inc.

WILL DURANT, born in Massachusetts in 1885, had long been a prominent educator when he undertook to write the history of all civilizations, ancient and modern, occidental and oriental, making two trips around the world to gather material. He has produced nearly a score of books. "Civilization Is an Interlude" is from "Our Oriental Heritage," © 1935 by Will Durant; published by Simon & Schuster.

ALFRED PEARCE DENNIS varied his career from college professor to lumberman, miner, farmer, international trade expert, diplomat and consultant to Presidents Coolidge and Hoover. The biographical profile, "Wilson – Professor in the White House" is from his book "Gods and Little Fishes," © 1931 by Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc.

MARSHALL W. FISHWICK, associate professor of American studies, Washington and Lee University, and author of "Virginian on Olympus," "General Lee's Photographer," and "The Virginian Tradition," brings a new scope into his writings of the American scene with "Horatio Alger's Golden Ladder" from his book "American Heroes: Myth and Reality," © 1954 by Public Affairs Press.

ICHIRO KAWASAKI has served as a member of the Japanese diplomatic corps in London, Geneva, Prague, Shanghai, San Francisco, Vancouver, Moscow and New Delhi. He is now acting as Chief of Protocol for the Japanese Foreign Office. "Japanese Are Like That," an article from his book of the same title, was published by Charles E. Tuttle Co., Rutland, Vt., © 1955.

ERIC FROMM, Ph.D., lectured at the Psychoanalytic Institute in Frankfurt and also at the Institute for Social Research, University of Heidelberg, before coming to the United States. His lectures were continued at the International Institute for Social Research, Columbia and Yale Universities, and the American Institute of Psychoanalysis. "Eternal Birth" is from his latest book "The Sane Society," published by Rinehart & Co., © 1955 by Eric Fromm.

ROBERT FROST, awarded four Pulitzer Prizes, is the only native poet given a resolution of felicitation by the U. S. Senate. "Acquainted with the Night" and "The Fear of God" are from "Complete Poems of Robert Frost," © 1930, 1949 by Henry Holt & Co., Inc.; © 1936, 1948 by Robert Frost.

MAX RADIN, Ph.D., LL.D., was for more than 30 years one of the nation's most distinguished attorneys. After serving briefly as law instructor at C.C.N.Y. and Columbia, he became a professor at the University of California at Berkeley where he taught until his death in 1950. "This Is the Law" was selected by WISDOM from his book, "The Law and You," © 1948 by the New American Library of World Literature, Inc.

THOMAS R. HENRY'S interest in polar expeditions began in childhood and culminated in 1946 when he joined the Navy Expedition "High Jump." "Where the Sky Is Green" is from "The White Continent," published by William Sloane Associates, Inc., © 1950 by Thomas R. Henry.

LIGHTNER WITMER, Ph.D., Sc.D., has written a systematic exposition in "Intelligence." It is from his book "Clinical Psychology, The Psychology Clinic, IX," © 1915 by Psychological Clinic Press, University of Pennsylvania.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, among his half-century of observations on theater arts, has also commented on real life scenes. "Man's Pleasures" is from "Monks Are Monks," © 1929 by Alfred A. Knopf.

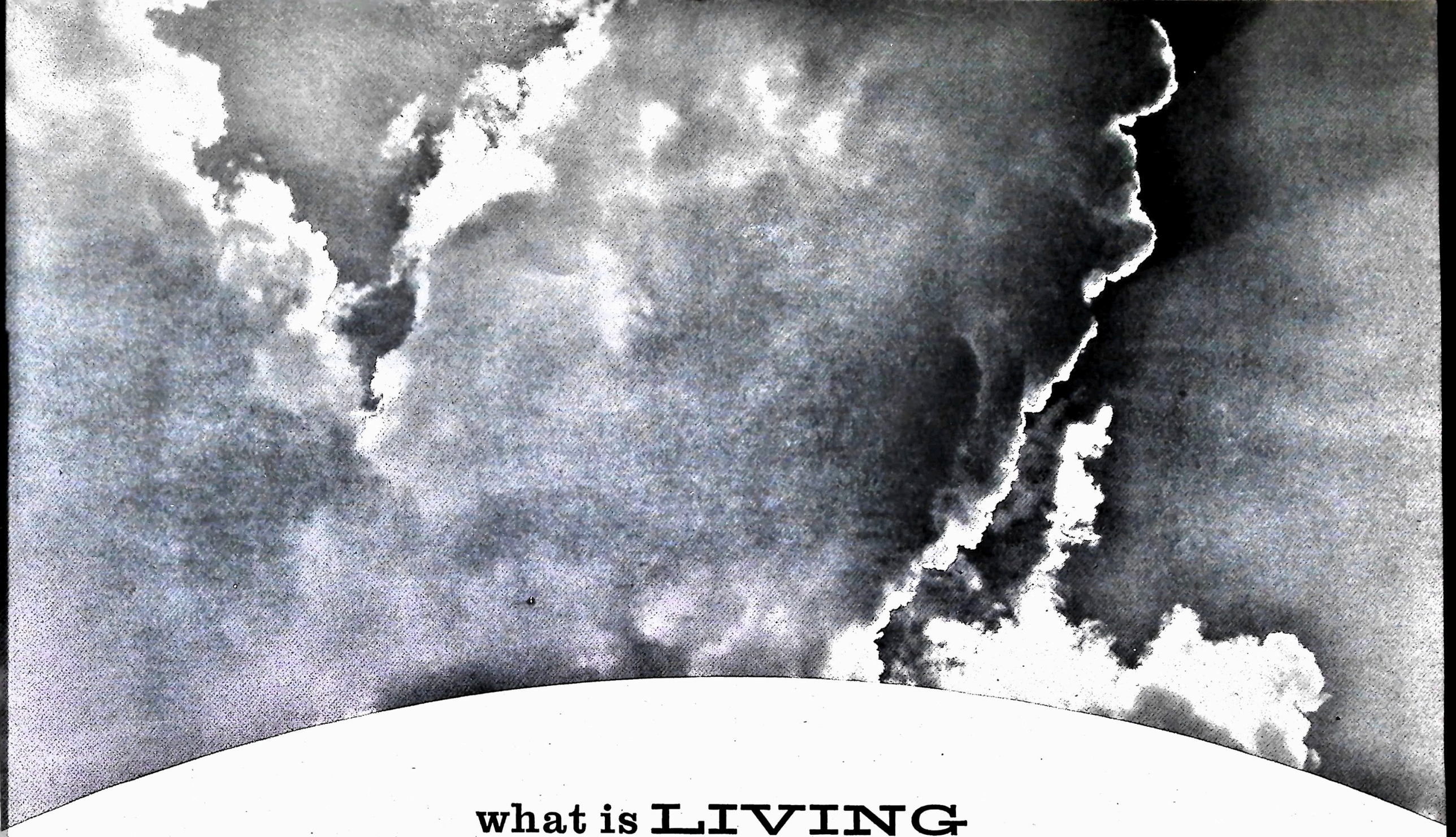
FRANK MOORE COLBY, editor and educator, was professor of history and economics at Amherst, Columbia, Barnard and New York University until he left to do editorial work on several encyclopedias. "The Pursuit of Humor" is from his book "Imaginary Obligations," © 1904 by Dodd, Mead & Co., and renewed in 1932 by Harriet Colby.

NORMAN COUSINS, journalist, lecturer and author, has been one of the most penetrating and thought-provoking American commentators for nearly two decades. His article, "Time to Think," is from the Saturday Review, © 1955.

WILLIAM JAMES' writings on psychology have had great audience from professionals and laymen alike. His reputation for research is augmented by his clearly defined, energetic writing. "Habit" is taken from "Principles of Psychology," © 1918 by Henry Holt & Co.

HAL STEBBINS, nationally-known advertising executive and publishers' consultant, has written the amusing "A Dictionary for Moderns," © 1956, from which the WISDOM feature "Dictionary for Moderns" was selected.

THOMAS DEKKER, 17th century dramatist, spent seven years in debtor's prison but it did not dull his buoyant, lyrical style. "Sleep" is from his "Gull's Horn Book," an anthology dealing with the Londoner of his day.



what is LIVING

by Eustace Chesser

Life is a curious gift, since so far as we know we did not ask for it. Being given, it brings in its train both joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain—above all, experience, which we can use or neglect to use.

We do not choose to come here. We have no voice in our physical, mental, moral, or material endowment. Yet even the lowliest of us shares what seems to be an innate feeling that our being here has significance beyond ourselves. Some of us are born handicapped in the material sense, others in physical or mental ways, others gain perhaps even spiritually—if it is true that in some the primitive instincts are born more starkly than in others.

To live fully we need to use our bodies and minds fully and harmoniously against the background of reasonably good material conditions. Only in this way, I believe, can we attain spiritual content.

Yet this seems not quite enough, unless we know exactly what we mean by full and harmonious use of body and mind. Undoubtedly, the chief oppressors of mankind in history have made full use of their physical and mental powers—without, I am sure, reaching harmony either within themselves or in relation to those around them.

Therefore, *to live*, in the fullest sense, must imply not merely to exist to oneself, but to be in harmony with that humanity of which we are a part. Yet can one be in harmony with that which in itself is inharmonious?

The history of mankind is a patchwork of such cruelty and kindness, meanness and nobility, selfishness and self-sacrifice, that any balance it may have appears to be only a balance between good and evil. If that is what we should seek in ourselves, we have not only to offset our evil impulses by striving after good, but also to temper our good actions by a knowledge of evil.

Nor does this seem to me unreasonable. Indeed, it is rather the logical outcome of that need to understand our instinctive nature and then to control it. Those who live good narrow lives, without knowledge of the evils abroad in the world, are ultimately as barren as those who seek evil ends and reject social claims.

If we are really to live, it must be with understanding of all human motives. We must know shadow as well as sunshine, pain as well as pleasure, sorrow as well as joy—and if we have felt the prompting of primitive instinct in its undesirable forms, we can more readily understand the need for control of ourselves and forgiveness for others.

Having seen or experienced cruelty, we may learn kindness.

Having suffered meanness, we realize the possibility of nobility.

Finding in ourselves and others deep impulses of selfishness, we appreciate more fully that unselfishness in the alternative.

Life, like a two-sided shield, shows us its one face in order that we may know the other exists, and may seek it. That is truly living.

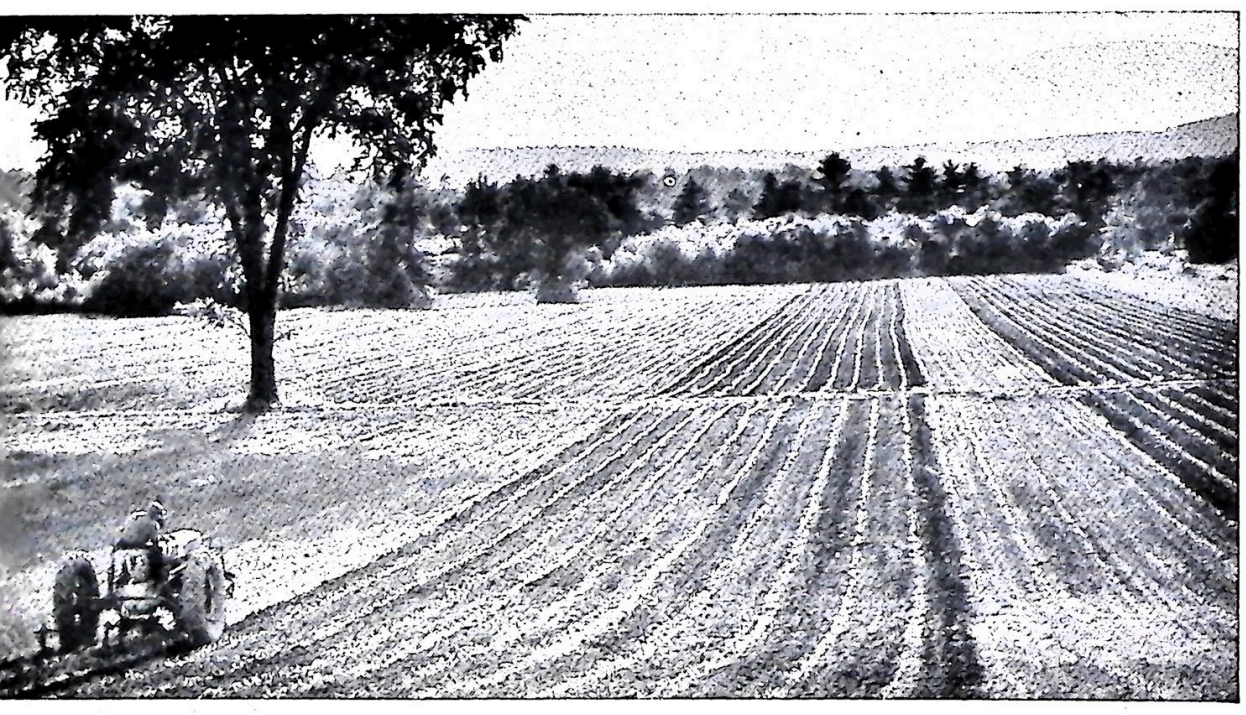
No man consciously and willfully seeks the ruin of his physical body by knowingly causing himself ill-health. He may succumb to desires which undermine his constitution, but that is not the end he seeks.

No man consciously and willfully seeks the ruin of his spiritual being by knowingly doing evil. He may succumb to desires which bring about that result, but only by assuring himself that what he seeks is good or necessary.

Therefore, fundamentally, all human beings know—though they may reject the knowledge—that physical and spiritual health is their goal. Physical and spiritual health together constitute *living*. ♦

...and they shall MULTIPLY

by Frank W. Notestein



The United States today has a larger population than all of Europe had two centuries ago. America's growth from a little more than a million settlers on the seaboard to more than 150 million spread over the continent was stupendous. Yet, if he could return, Benjamin Franklin, one of the founders of American insurance, would be more pleased than surprised, for he anticipated much that has occurred.

In 1751, writing his *Observations Concerning the Increase of Mankind, Peopling of Countries, etc.*, he said: "Thus there are suppos'd to be now upwards of One Million English Souls in North-America...This Million doubling, suppose but once in 25 Years, will, in another Century, be more than the People of England, and the greatest Number of Englishmen will be on this Side of the Water."

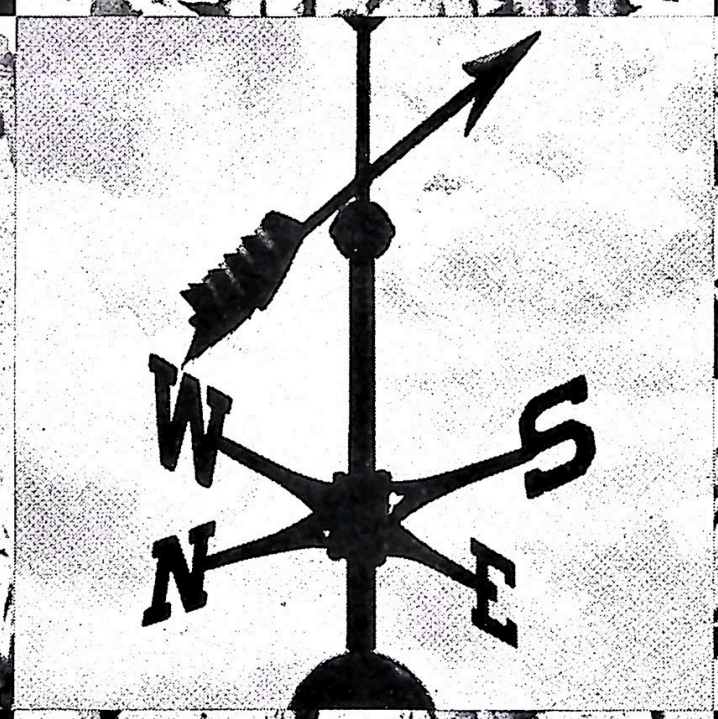
In the century following 1750 our population doubled on the average once every 23 years, and by 1850 it was larger than that of Great Britain. Since then the rate of growth has slowed, as Dr. Franklin would have anticipated. The burden of his argument was that the experience of the fully settled European countries could not be taken as a guide to the growth in prospect for the colonies. A vast and empty land with abundant resources would, he thought, inevitably lead to high wages, early marriage, numerous offspring, and a much more rapid population growth than was customary in Europe; or, if we may extend his argument, than could be expected in the United States following 1850.

And so it proved, for the annual increase fell from 3 per cent to 2.4 percent in the last half of the nineteenth century and to 1.4 per cent in the present century. We may welcome the falling trend. Had growth continued at the early rate, we would now have almost 500 million people, a larger population than India and Pakistan put together, and we would almost certainly have much poorer living conditions than those to which we are accustomed.

Even so, our growth has been rapid. The population almost doubled between 1900 and 1950, and if the rate of the past decade were to continue, it would double again by the end of this century.

The absolute increase of the population, of course, mounted progressively, even though the rate of growth was falling. In that growth immigration was important, especially for the white population. The major part of the increase, however, always has come from the excess of births over deaths – the natural increase.

Growth was checked in the decade of the Civil War, in the 1890's, in the decade of World War I, and then, most drastically of all, in the great depression decade. During the thirties there was a slight net emigration and such a sharp decline in natural increase that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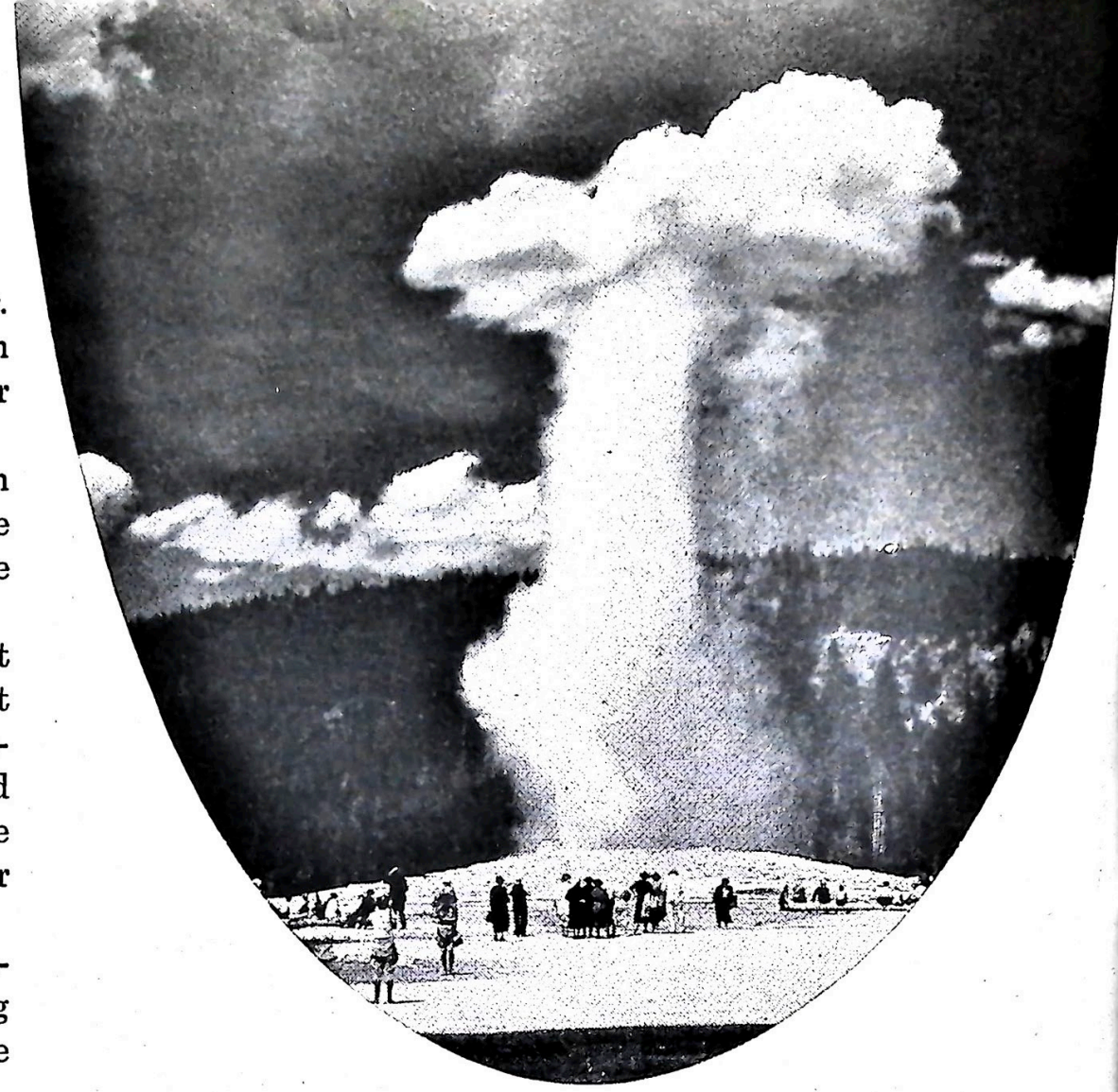
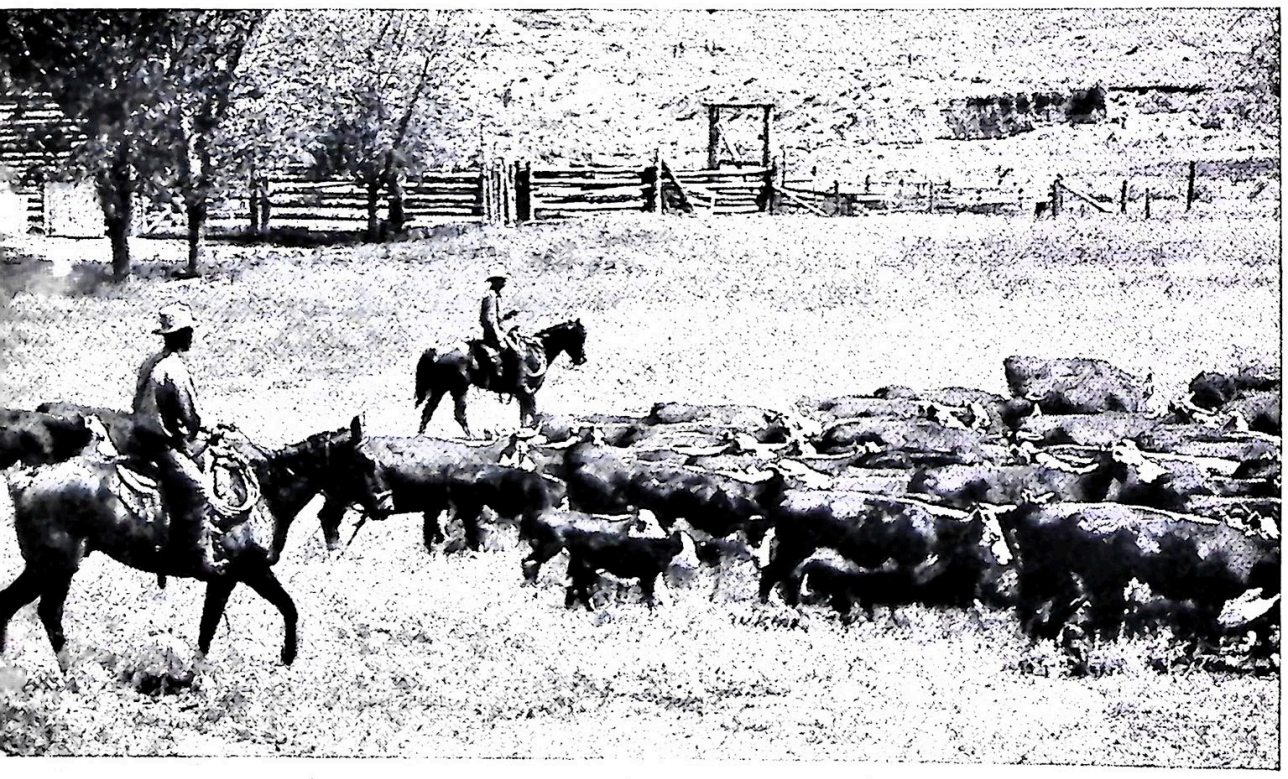


the total gain was the smallest of any decade after the Civil War. The rebound of growth in the forties was quite as remarkable. In that wartime decade we experienced the largest increase of our history, adding a total of 19 million persons to the population.

Although all the nation's major regions shared in the population increase, they did not share equally. The North's proportion of the total has declined, the South's has remained about steady, and the West's proportion has risen spectacularly.

Throughout the country natural increase has tended to be highest in the rural regions with the lowest levels of living and the least education. Reflecting this pattern, the South has consistently maintained a high excess of births over deaths. Its population has tended to remain a fixed proportion of the nation's total only because the region has sent a large and continuous stream of migrants to other parts of the country.

Indeed, people have been a major export of the South. The situation of the West stands in sharp contrast, for the West's growing proportion of the nation's total has been achieved in spite of the

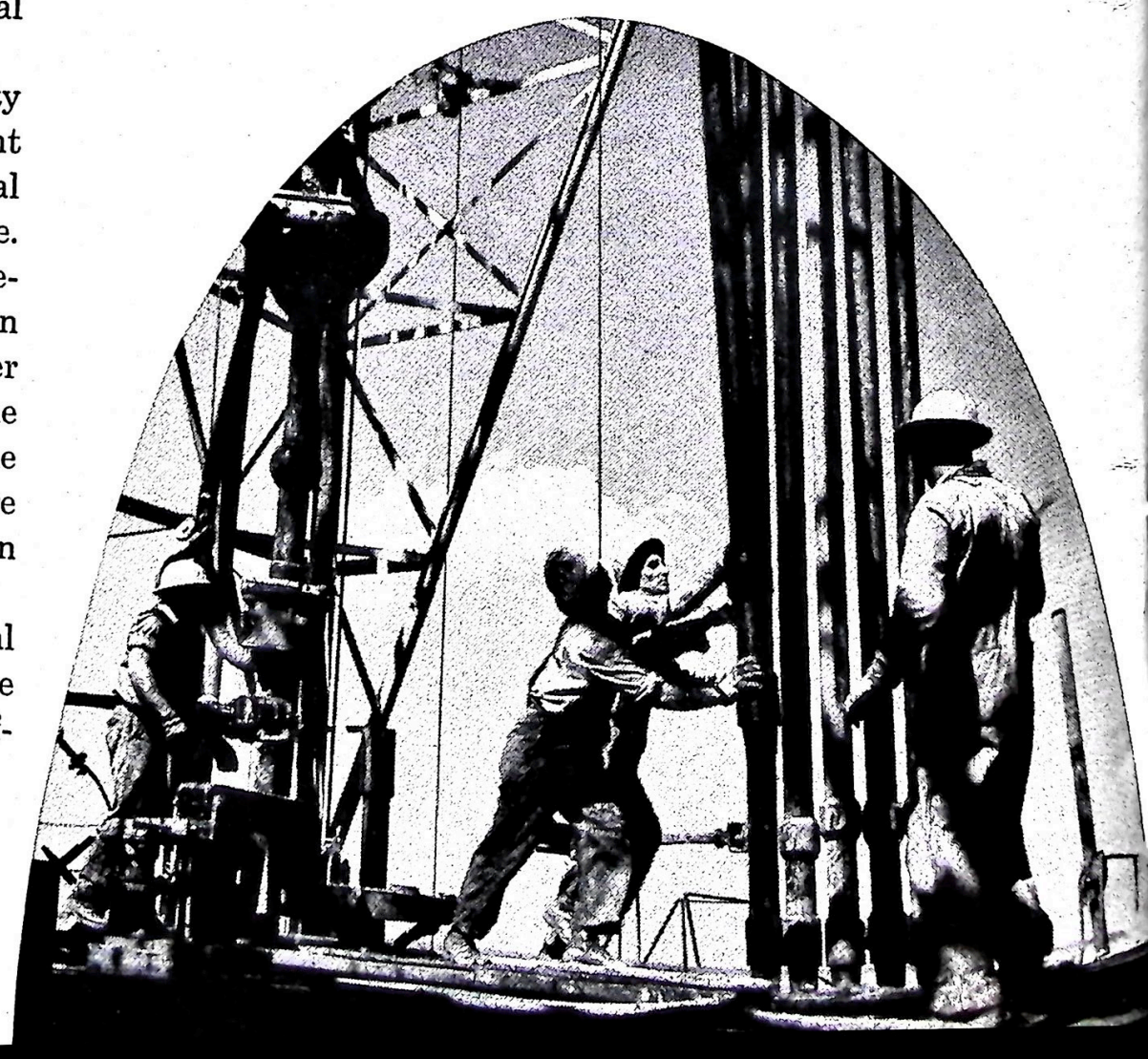


fact that it shares with the Northeast the nation's lowest natural increase. The West gets much of its population by adoption.

The flexible adaptation of population to economic opportunity through free internal migration has unquestionably been an element of great economic strength to the nation. Without it, the regional differences in living conditions would be much sharper than they are.

The nativity and color of the population have also changed somewhat. The most notable fact is the preponderance of the native-born white population. The proportion of foreign born declined rather sharply in response to the severe restrictions on immigration in the twenties and to the absence of any net inward movement in the thirties. In the past decade the deaths of former immigrants more than canceled the net arrivals, so that the proportion of foreign born declined again.

Up to 1930 Negroes formed a slowly shrinking part of the total population, but in the past two decades they increased a little more rapidly than the total population. The striking fact is not the dif-



ference in the rates of growth of Negroes and whites, but their general similarity. The most notable change in the Negro population is its rapid move to urban areas and away from the South.

In 1950 the proportion of Negroes living in urban areas was nearly as large as that of the whites, 61 per cent and 64 per cent, respectively. On the whole, it seems likely that the Negro population will continue to grow a little more rapidly than the white, unless the latter is substantially recruited by immigration.

The cityward movement has been striking throughout the population. A century ago 85 per cent of the population lived in rural areas. Now only 36 per cent live in the country, and only 16 per cent live on farms. A still smaller proportion of the total labor force is engaged in agriculture. We tend to think of technological advance in connection with industry, but the gains in agricultural production have been equally startling.

In the United States of 1950 only about one out of eight workers was needed to produce one of the world's most ample diets. We now have several million fewer farmers than we had in 1900, but these millions fewer are producing a much more ample food supply for twice the population.

The same technological developments that have brought the move to the city have also brought substantial changes in the occupational distribution of the population. The decline in the proportion of unskilled workers is immediately apparent. All other major groups were increased.

Meanwhile, the number of occupied persons per 1000 total population also has grown, and the increase has been particularly marked among women. As a nation we have become more productive by the use of better machines, higher skills, and a larger proportion of the population. More of us work, and we work with greater efficiency but for shorter hours than our predecessors a generation ago.

There is no brighter spot in the history of the past hundred years than the record of the conquest of disease and the deferment of death. We are well on the way to preserving life on a scale scarcely dreamed of a few decades ago. Even now we need less than half as many births as in Franklin's time to keep a population of specified size in existence, which is well since the birth rate has declined markedly.

In the late nineteenth century, there is clear evidence of a growing restriction of fertility by married couples. It began in the upper economic groups of the urban populations and spread down the economic scale and outward from the city to the country so that by the late nineteen-thirties the scale of childbearing had greatly altered.

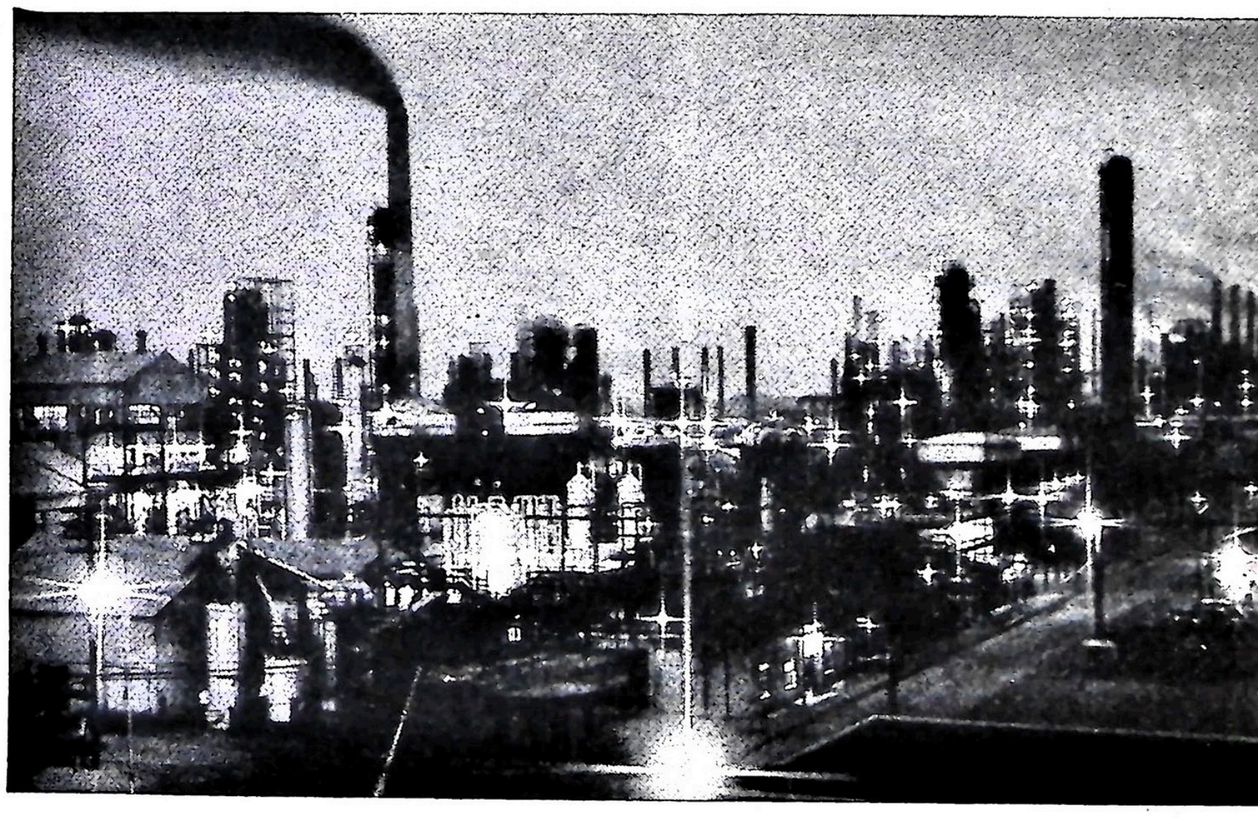
In the early nineteenth century women living through the childbearing period produced an average of about eight children apiece, but just prior to 1940 the number was a little over two for the white population of the United States.

No substantial part of this reduction in childbearing was due to changes in the physiological capacity for reproduction. Since the latter part of the nineteenth century, the decline in the birth rate has come mainly from the intentional restriction of childbearing, achieved primarily by means of contraceptive practices.

By the end of the nineteen-thirties, no major segment of the population remained unaffected. Urban families were reproducing substantially below the level required to replace themselves. Meanwhile, on the national level, it was in the rural regions of high fertility that birth rates were falling most rapidly, giving the impression that the urban middle-class ideal of the small family was spreading throughout the population. True, after 1933 the birth rate had leveled somewhat, and by 1940 it was up a bit. Then followed the most stupendous epidemic of childbearing the country has ever seen, and in a wartime decade at that! By 1947 the annual baby crop was well-nigh double that of 1933.

Thereafter the flood ebbed somewhat. Then the fighting started in Korea and Selective Service gave deferment to fathers. Marriages turned up again, and the birth rate rose in 1951.

Probably something more than prosperity is involved. We have been living in a period of great peril in which no one can be certain that our normal way of life will continue from one year to the next. The impact of chronic crises has been particularly severe on the young people whose long-range planning is complicated by the uncertainties and hazards of military service. In this setting it should not be surprising if young people have discounted the future heavily in favor of the present, and seized, while they could, the opportunities for marital and parental experience.

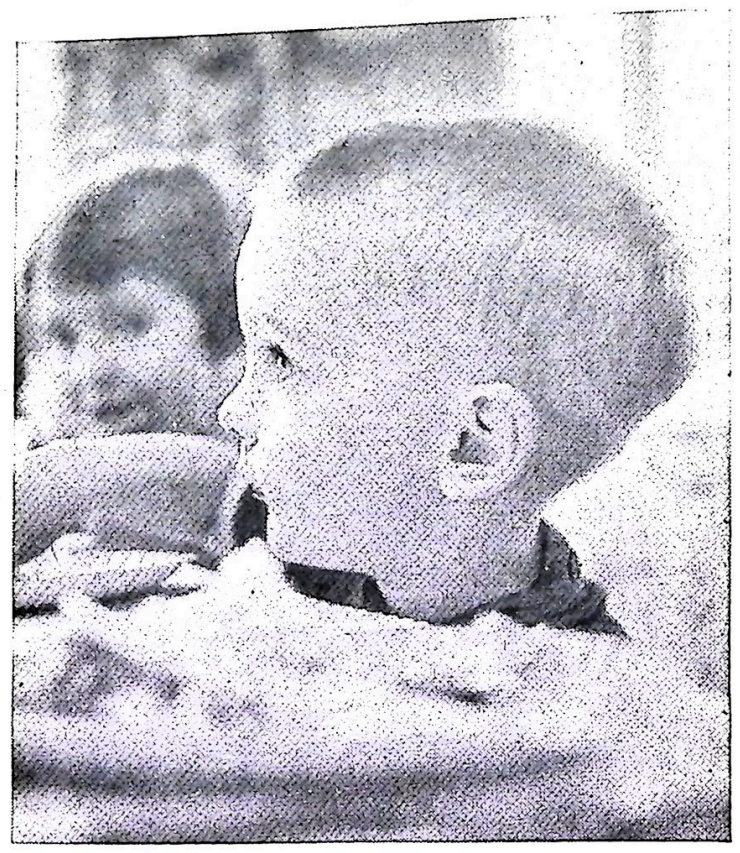


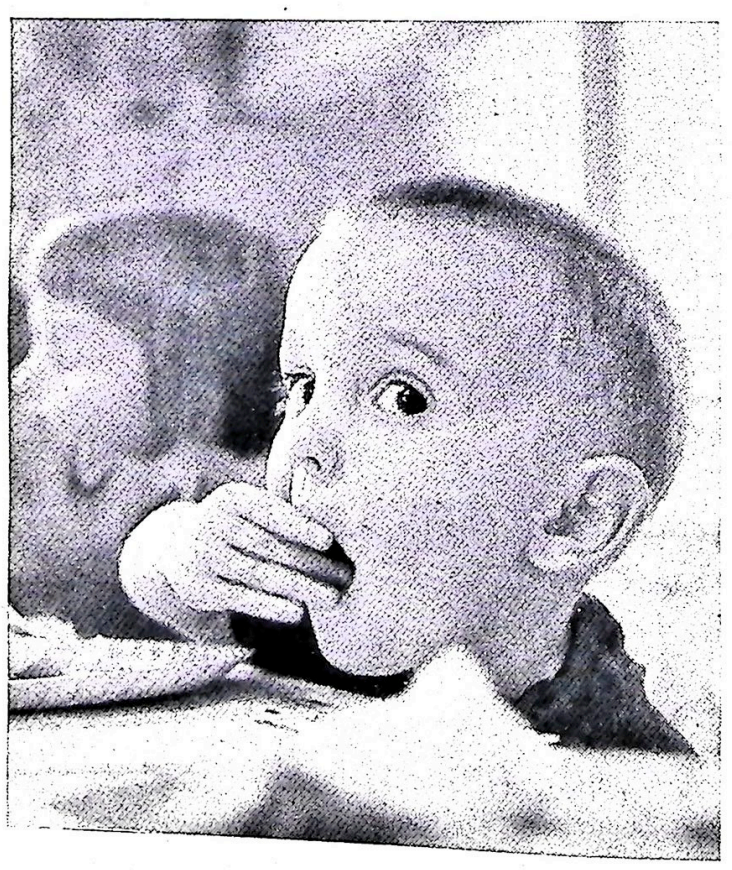
For a country such as the United States, there is no rigorous answer concerning the best population size from an economic point of view. I have my own opinions. They run, first of all, toward doubting that the United States has any cause for major anxiety about the size of its population.

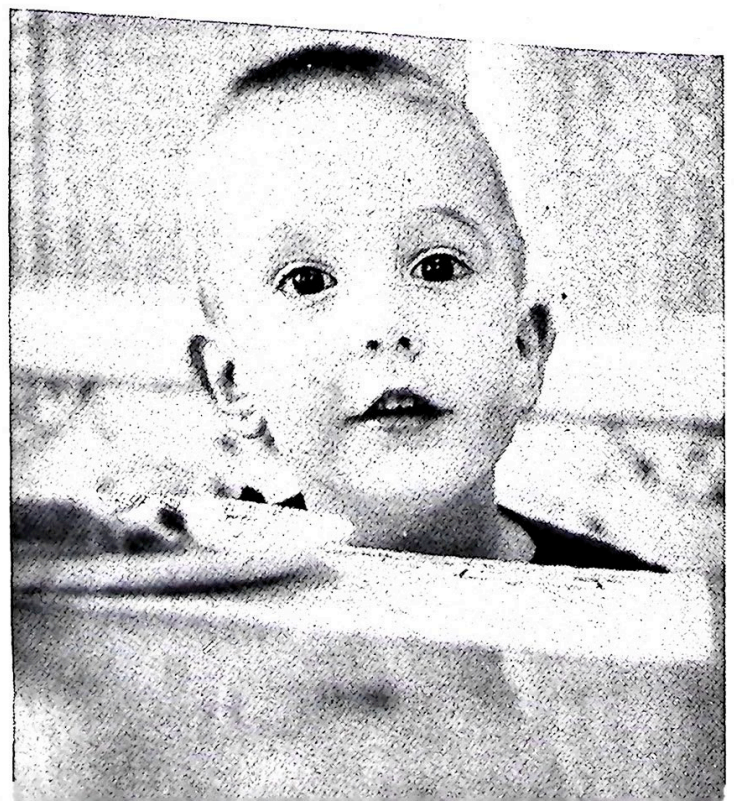
So far as anyone can tell, our population is already large enough to give us the most of the economies of specialization and of large-scale production. Growth must stop sometime. We shall be fortunate if it does so before the strain on resources develops. Slower increase will produce minor problems of adaptation, but these problems are inherently less difficult than those of providing high levels of living for ever-increasing numbers.

In an age of incredible complexity, skills seem likely to count as never before. In short, the consideration of political and military strength, as well as that of wealth, suggests the wisdom of devoting our major attention to improving the capacities, health, and training of our people rather than to stimulating rapid growth. ♦

at HOME in the world







by Pearl S. Buck

Long ago it became my conviction that the parents should not live for the child. I believe that there is an enormous waste in this matter of living for the child. Generations waste themselves thus. Of what use is it merely to produce children and devote the adult life to their care, only to have them in their turn produce more children who devote themselves again? Is this treadmill of more production of human beings of any meaning? I cannot see that it is.

Each generation should rather live its own life and leave behind it a definite achievement for the race as a whole. It would be a better heritage for the child than merely to have brought him into being and clothed and fed and given him what we call an education. An education is of very little worth unless the individual can use it and add to it the meaning of his own life.

It is impossible, in one sense, for parents to prepare their children for life—certainly impossible if they themselves think and move only in small village ways. Yes, it is essential that parents force themselves to live in the larger world in which their children must one day live. A generation ago parents could prepare their children for a small comfortable world. If the occasional child wandered beyond that, he was the unusual one, and it would have been foolish to prepare all children for the life only the runaway and adventurous child would live. But today the world is close to every home.

My one criticism of the American home, therefore, is that it is too much a place of refuge and not sufficiently a place of education for life. Now it may be argued that we need a place of refuge. Yes, we do, but no one should live in a place of refuge unless possibly he is very old or an invalid. A child especially must not grow up in a place of refuge or he will never be able to live happily anywhere else.

Home must have its hours of refuge, its periods of vacation, its moods of recreation. But man, woman, and child should not feel when they enter the doors of home that they leave the world outside.

Let me state my thesis boldly. I believe that the home should be consciously a part of the world, a place where world problems are faced, talked about, understood, and acted upon, where there is a sense of true responsibility for such action—above all, where nothing is hidden from a child.

I do not mean that knowledge should be forced upon a child. I mean that the atmosphere of a home should not be kept muted and softened for a child, but that every interest should be kept quick and alive.

Whenever I hear a woman whose conversation is altogether of what her children do and say, I feel sorry for those children. How can they go out and live happily in a world of which they are not the center? It is a bad thing for anybody at any time in his life to feel that he is the center of any world. Home ought to be a living unit in a living world, and not a hole into which to crawl to escape the realities of life.

The realities of life—how many of us, when we hear that phrase, see things sordid and sad and dreary! If we do, it is because somewhere long back in childhood our parents tried to shield us from the realities.

The child ought early to know that even though some men are bad it is within his ability to be a good man. He ought to value life because there is also death. He must learn how to keep healthy because there is also sickness. He must see sorrow in order to know that there is also joy. He must find out that certain ways lead to grief but others lead to happiness. To delay such knowledge is to defraud the child of years of his life, to waste time, when he ought to be living fully as an adult, in learning the lessons he ought to have absorbed as a child out of the very atmosphere of his home.

The realities of life are not sad or dreary. Life is good to the very last drop, and evil and sorrow and grief are part of the whole. For the person whose home has been a part of the world, the balance is never afterward wrong.

The anxiety with which so many of us face and live life comes from the longing to get back into what we were taught as children, that happiness is the normal, the real atmosphere, that plenty and safety and security are to be expected. But the joy of living is to take what comes and fight against it or accept it.

How, actually, in a practical fashion, is the home to be brought into the current of life?

I must answer this as best I can, partly out of experience, partly from observation. My own childhood home was far from perfect, I realize, as an environment for a child. But with all its imperfections I can never be grateful enough that it was not a refuge. It was a regular whirlpool of crosscurrents from all over the world.

My parents were only secondarily parents. I know my mother loved her children with all her heart, but certainly she never loved us with all her time. We shared everything with her. She took us to her religious meetings, and we went with her when she dispensed food and money to the poor, and we helped her with her clinics and her housekeeping.

We were pressed into every sort of service—not for any obvious purpose of training us, but simply because she had to have help. She was deeply involved in life and she involved us with her. We were early familiar with the sight of hunger and death.

The result was that without knowing it I grew up hating sorrow and hardship but not afraid of either. I learned so early how to look on death that I cannot remember horror at a dead face. By the time I was grown a lot of the clutter of childhood was out of the way, and without even realizing it, I had learned what life is.

What our parents gave us, too, was a sense of responsibility toward the world. We did not merely learn; we learned that we had something to do with all we learned—that nothing human was alien to us, because we, too, were human. We learned this not by hearing it said but simply by seeing our parents deeply involved in action. They were so interested in what they did that they made themselves interesting to us.

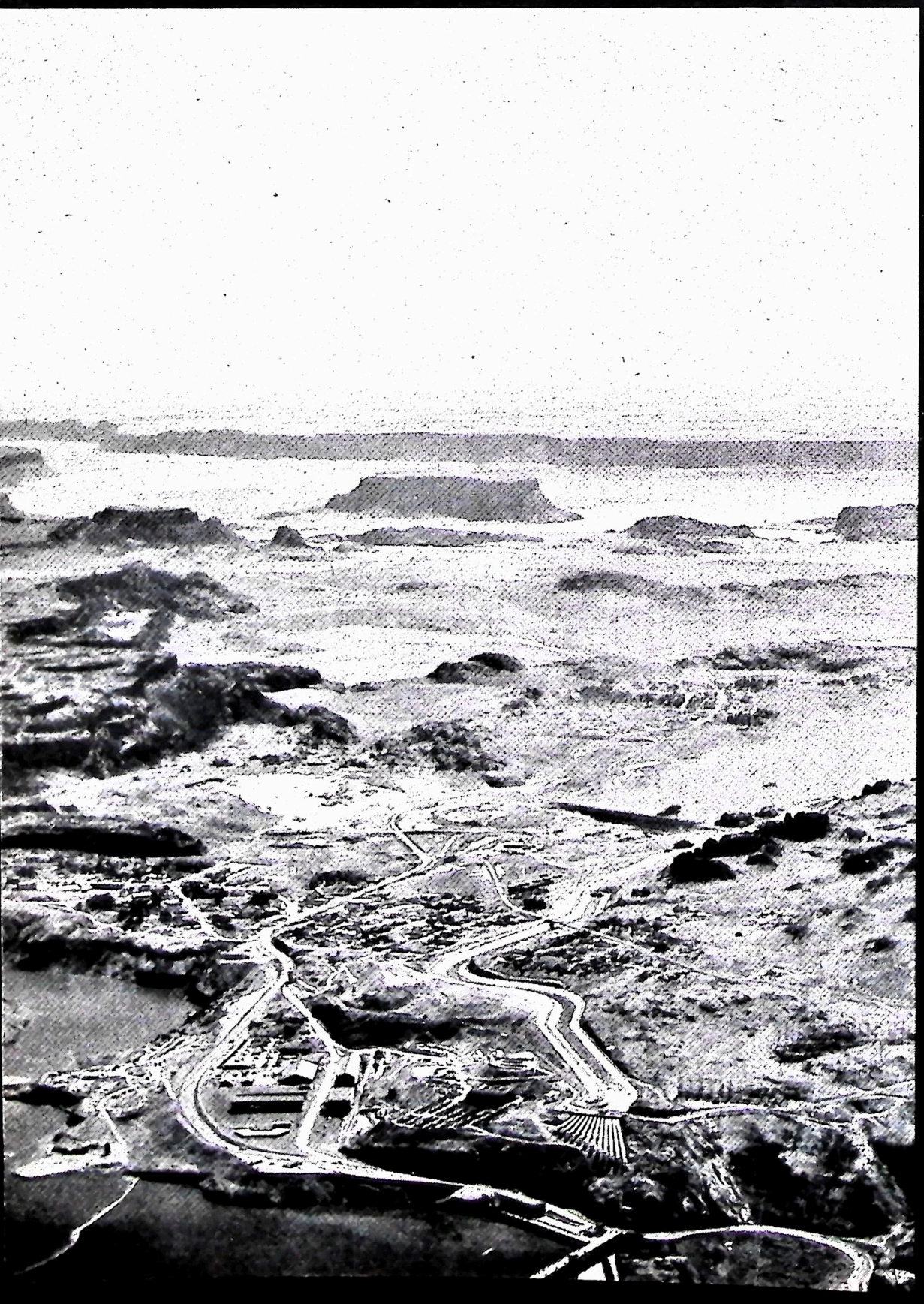
We saw things and did things that many of us would not consider suitable for children. I can only say that I am thankful for everything I was allowed to do and to see and to share as a child. I came to my adulthood ready for life and I have enjoyed it all, good and bad. None of it has been too much, neither its sorrow nor its good. For this I must thank my parents, who let the life of the world stream so richly through our home that even as a child I was a part of that life.

I believe the problems of the world must first be met in the home before we will have men and women sufficiently educated for the world. The child prepared in the home for the life of the world beyond steps forward a self-confident and integrated creature. He will be afraid of nothing because he will say, "I know about this—I know what to do."

If his home has shielded him and denied him the knowledge and practice of life, he will be terrified. He will want to step back into his childhood, even back and back into the dark security of his mother's womb. But to such haven there is no return for one already born, no such thing as childhood for those who are grown.

And yet how many men and women spend their lives frustrated, discontented, afraid, because they have never been made ready to be anything but children! Let the life of the world stream through our homes and through us all, men and women who have children and teach children. ♦

The Art of Seeing Things



by John Burroughs

There is nothing in which people differ more than in their powers of observation. Some are only half alive to what is going on around them. Others, again, are keenly alive. Their intelligence, their powers of recognition, are in full force in eye and ear at all times. They see and hear everything, whether it directly concerns them or not. They never pass unseen a familiar face on the street. They are never oblivious of any interesting feature or sound or object in the earth or sky about them.

Their power of attention is always on the alert, not by conscious effort but by natural habit and disposition. They turn to the outward world a more highly sensitized mind than other people. The things that pass before them are caught and individualized instantly. If they visit new countries they see the characteristic features of the people and scenery at once. The impression is never blurred or confused.

We may see coarsely and vaguely, as most people do, noting only masses and unusual appearances or we may see finely and discriminatingly, taking in the minute and the specific.

During some great fête in Paris the Empress Eugenie and Queen Victoria were present. A reporter noticed that when the royal personages came to sit down, Eugenie looked behind her before doing so, to see that the chair was really there. Victoria seated herself without the backward glance knowing there must be a seat ready. There always had been, and there always would be, for her.

The correspondent inferred that the incident showed the difference between born royalty and hastily made royalty. I wonder how many persons in that vast assembly made this observation. Probably very few. It denoted a gift for seeing things.

By a close observer I do not mean a minute, cold-blooded specialist—but a man who looks closely and steadily at nature and notes the individual features of tree and rock and field and allows no subtle flavor of the night or day, of the place and the season, to escape him. His senses are so delicate that in his evening walk he feels the warm and the cool streaks in the air. His nose detects the most fugitive odors, his ears the most furtive sounds.

To a hasty traveler through the land, the farms and country homes all seem much alike but to the people born and reared there, what a difference! They have read the fine print that escapes the hurried eye and that is so full of meaning. Every horizon line, every curve in hill or valley, every tree and rock and spring run, every turn in the road and vista in the landscape, has its special features and makes its own impression.

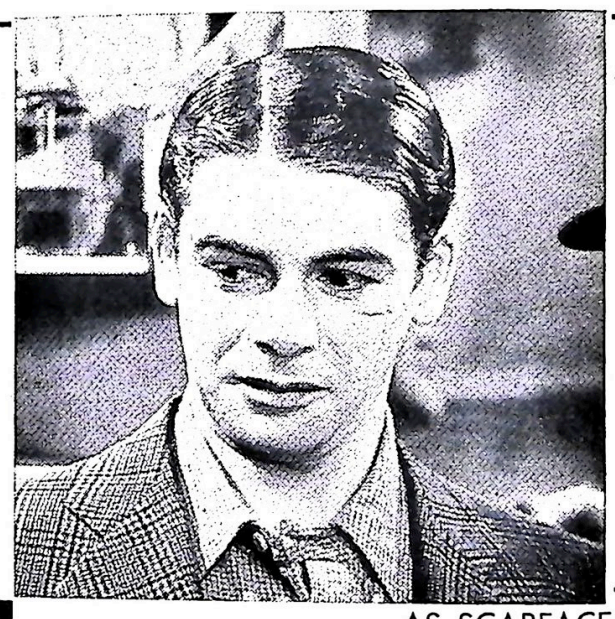
So far as seeing things is an art, it is the art of keeping the eyes and ears open. The thinker puts all the powers of his mind in reflection. The observer puts all the powers of his mind in perception. Every faculty is directed outward. The whole mind sees through the eye and hears through the ear. He has an objective turn of mind as opposed to a subjective. A person with the latter turn of mind sees little. If you are occupied with your own thoughts, you may go through a museum of curiosities and observe nothing. ♦

PAUL MUNI

ON BEING AN ACTOR

by Paul Muni

...AS JUAREZ



...AS SCARFACE

...AS LOUIS PASTEUR

To act in motion pictures is to act in a world in which mechanical problems beset the actor on all sides. His performance is governed by them, he cannot escape them. From the time he appears on the set his steps are caged by chalk marks and focal distances, his voice is directed by microphones, controlled by dials, and his image can only be seen if he moves with care within the cage.

To speak of a motion picture performance is to speak of thousands of images on one strip of film, cemented together. The actor does not himself select these images or juxtapose them. His work in the pattern of the picture may be completely changed through the assembling of these images over which he has no control. His performance is recorded, stored and placed in neatly labeled tins, then perhaps deleted. Finally, it is unrolled, projected, seen through a lens and heard through a horn before an audience hundreds of miles away from him.

Some actors have no choice in the selection of their scripts. Others are fortunate enough to be able to choose their own stories and to work with the writer from the beginning, watching the story develop and helping to mold the characters they will play on the screen. I have been fortunate in this respect.

My arrangement with the studio gives me a choice of four stories at a time which the studio submits to me three months before pro-

duction. I select two of these for my year's work. While the writer is working on the draft, I am studying the character I am to play from his background, type and manner of speaking and acting. First, there is the physical appearance to establish.

If my story is biographical I try to get photographs or paintings of the character. Then I read as much of the background material as is available—books which explain his life and times to me and those materials which give me his mental world. For *Zola*, there was everything—photographs, his books, what his contemporaries wrote about him and the photostats of the court records in the Dreyfus case.

It is not important to be the historical replica of your character. It is important to make him real to your audience. I have never felt responsible for preciseness of gesture. In fact, I think that an actor should not try for this. He should conceive the part clearly, collaborate with the writer, and bring the character to life in all its meaning.

...AS WANG LUNG

...AS EMILE ZOLA

A biographer invents incidents, if necessary, to bring out hidden traits which explain a character more fully. The actor cannot invent incidents. But by concentration, voice and gesture, he re-creates a man.

In my preparation for acting a part I would like to write a set of rules by which the technical mastery of acting may be accomplished. But I have not found any such rules. If I knew any which held I should be glad to follow them. Even if an actor has acquired a set of elementals in dramatic training it is not enough for him to use them for the entire framework of his acting and to penetrate no further. He is far from an accomplished actor after he has received these fundamental theories and become expert in them.

He may be apt, with a pleasing voice, a natural gift for oratory, a quick mind and a graceful figure. Perhaps he has acquired all the theoretical foundations of acting. Perhaps he has put these into practice and found them profitable. Yet, without a great emotional capacity and a great heart and without being the perennial student which any creative person must be, he cannot reach the depths of any role because he only uses the fundamentals he has learned. He may think he is a finished actor but he is really only an expert trickster.

For me, acting is a constant study. Each new role brings problems which I must solve empirically. Others may be privileged to meet them in acting schools or under the guidance of coaches. But I have had to work them out in experience each time I play a part, or indeed each time I play a scene.

There is no textbook, no school of acting I can recommend. I believe an actor can really place himself in a part, relying on instinct and experience to guide him without depending on academic formulae.

In learning dialogue I do have a pattern which is the reverse of what I have said about the feeling for a part. This method has been most helpful to me. I have found it best to parrot my lines, to memorize them directly, so that I can speak them without analysis or thought for their meaning. Often I will read a speech over and over at home until the phrases come to me automatically and rhythmically.

While parroting my lines some of the thought behind them is bound to penetrate subconsciously so that my interpretation is partially set, but not so rigidly that I cannot change it. Once the lines come to me automatically I discard them completely and think of the thoughts they express. Often I substitute other words until I am confident the lines are mine and that I need no longer think of them.

Sometimes I change the shadings of the words because they have assumed a new significance. Now they begin to live. During this process I often note, in the margin of the script, associations and parallel feelings which have come to me while learning my lines... thus my associations helped me to determine the cadences of my lines.

When I read a scene which has never even remotely touched my life, I use the associative method or substitution, thinking of situations which may have nothing in common with the one I am to play, but which for me will evoke the mood and feeling of my scene. Gradually it becomes clear to me. The words no longer matter... the thought predominates. Concentration on meaning will make an actor change lines sometimes, but it will keep fresh in him the underlying motives of the scene.

On the stage you have a strong sense of security. You are sure of your four weeks' rehearsals with the entire cast from the beginning to the end of the play. You can work gradually into the part, knowing the timing and the rhythm, letting the process become subconscious, and later you may color and change and add to the characterization.

But in acting for the screen you do not have the same sense of security. Your sets change, your scenes are juggled according to available floor space, not according to the continuity of the script, and once a satisfactory take is made the scene is finished. There is no possibility now of molding character through the infinite repetition of one scene.

The uncertainty continues. Often a script is revised during shooting and must be learned from day to day. Or you may be slated to do an exterior scene on Monday, and on Monday the sun is not out.

Since the scenes are rarely taken in the order of the script, the actor must make the additional effort of mentally coordinating his lines before the camera. He must be ready to reorient to the state of the scene preceding the one now being shot, and absorb its effect so his work will show the proper emotional development. On the stage he can build mentally scene by scene and in a logical series. But a screen actor must do without any of this.

In working with other actors, I must visualize in the same way

(continued on page 71)

REMBRANDT

painter of the soul

by Thomas Craven

Rembrandt is the last of the great spiritual explorers. After three hundred years he is closer to the heart of the modern world than any other painter. He is one of us. Rembrandt's life is the growth of the human spirit towards complete freedom. In the end he attained that freedom but at the price of poverty, ostracism and enormous self-discipline. His art is a record of the fundamental experiences of mankind, of things which most deeply concern the groping human race.

He was born at Leyden in 1606. His father was in comfortable circumstances, the owner of several houses and a windmill in which malt was ground for beer. His mother, a God-fearing woman of more than ordinary intelligence, was the daughter of a baker. His four brothers, all older than himself and typical of Dutch mediocrity, were poor cobblers and millers. He had one sister, sad-faced and stout—or so she appears in the portraits he painted of her—to whom he was strongly attached. But it was his mother who understood him best. Night after night, in those long Northern winters, she read the Bible to her beloved son, sensible of his impassioned interest in what were to her the eternal verities.

He had no capacity for scholarship and no need for it. A zoological garden nearby lured him from his classes and the town hall with its war trophies and its exhibits of paintings by native artists decided his career. He carried home volumes of sketches he had made when he should have been conjugating irregular verbs, laid the

SELF-PORTRAIT

NICOLAES RUTS

evidence before the family, and notified them of his proper vocation.

Reluctantly, for painting was neither a distinguished nor profitable business, his parents allowed him, at the close of the academic year, to withdraw from the university and apprenticed him to a local artist. A worse painter than his first teacher could hardly be imagined, but Rembrandt was treated with kindness—a rare exception in the harsh Dutch system of binding apprentices to the strictest servitude and of the first importance to a sensitive and rather stubborn boy of fifteen—and his ability recognized and encouraged.

In three years his progress astonished his fellows and he was sent to Amsterdam to study with the famous Lastman. It was through him that Rembrandt was introduced to a novel method of illuminating pictures by startling oppositions of lights and darks.

Seven more years at Leyden, years overflowing with activity and signalized by the swift development of his technical facility and the relatively slow but consistent growth of his spiritual insight. His art, like that of all good Dutchmen, began at home. He made innumerable studies of his own face, his intention being to show how the human countenance reflects the torment and the terror, the sadness and the gaiety, the agitation and the contentment of the soul, but all that we see in those first portraits is a tousled, bull-necked, healthy young man acting before a mirror.

At 21 Rembrandt was a celebrity in Leyden and the life of a group of local artists. His fame began to travel. A Hague collector bought a picture for a sum amounting to about 60 dollars in modern money, and having tasted the fruits of professionalism, he worked harder than ever. While there was daylight he painted; at night he toiled over his etchings.

At 22 his reputation was such that painters came to his studio for instruction. He was honored by portrait commissions, honored by ranting theologians who expurgated the churches of religious pictures but who had no objection to the public display of their own sour visages.

He painted them—for money, and the money he spent freely. He helped artists by buying their pictures; stocked his studio with costumes and properties for his oriental visions; bought pretty things for his sister. At 26 he followed his fame to Amsterdam. Almost immediately he was commissioned by Professor Tulp (contraction for tulip) to paint a memorial for the surgeon's guild. The result was *The Anatomy Lesson*, and Rembrandt, already well-known, became the most celebrated painter in Holland. It is a ghastly picture—not in the subject-matter, but in the interpretation. Its impressiveness is offensive. It is the sort of thing that would appeal to Dutch traders and to all doctors. But all the same it is a work of genius, or rather an error of genius.

The Anatomy Lesson marks the beginning of a decade of prosperity. He moved from the house of his friend and dealer, Hendrick van Uylenborch, to a warehouse overlooking a canal where he might study the forlorn wretches who served as models, and where he might retire into his visionary world after his bouts with popular hacks.

One day the dealer brought his cousin to the studio, Saskia van Uylenborch, a girl of 20, fair, sweet-faced, soft and gentle. Saskia was an orphan belonging to a rich patrician family of Friesland. Rembrandt began at once to woo her and in a short time, inscribed under a sketch he had made of her, "Saskia, at the age of 21, the third day after our troth-plighting." It seems that she was marrying beneath her.

That he found in Saskia an irreproachable wife and lived with her in entire harmony cannot be gainsaid. That he had for her a deep affection which made him considerate of her rather tender breeding is equally beyond dispute. That he loved her is doubtful.

During these swift, extravagant years when Rembrandt had

outdistanced all competitors as a successful portrait painter, his acquaintance with sorrow ripened with his own direct experiences with death. Three children had been born and each had died in infancy, and Saskia, never very strong, was beginning to decline. These misfortunes had no immediate effect upon his painting, for his art was not a diary of personal tribulations, but they added to his impatience with that side of it which was more or less in compliance with current taste, and heightened his loyalty to his purest convictions.

In his restlessness he moved several times, hunting for a place in which he might settle permanently and devote himself exclusively to spiritual issues, to the part of him that could be neither broken nor corrupted. He found such a place in the heart of the Jewish quarter and, in 1639, he bought it, a large dwelling, still known as Rembrandt House, with ample space for studio and for the expensive plunder he had gathered from the auction rooms.

Sketch: ISAAC BLESSING JACOB

THE ARTIST'S SON, TITUS

He painted, during the years of his married life, many portraits of his wife, two of them, the London *Flora* and *Saskia Holding a Red Flower*, at Dresden, brilliant examples of that high property of his work which reproductions obliterate and which no words can fitly describe. It is essentially a spiritual property. It is the unfathomable majesty of paint. In this period he also painted four religious pieces of the first rank, *Christ Before Pilate, The Angel Leaving Tobias, The Sacrifice of Manoah* and *David and Absalom,* pictures containing this same majesty but with a psychological injection that has wrought consternation among certain modern critics.

The year 1642 marks a critical point in his career. Captain Banning Cocq, commander of the civic guards and 16 of his trusty warriors contributed 100 florins apiece towards a large group picture

A GIRL WITH A BROOM

to hang in the Hall of the Musketeers. They received the disappointment of their lives. The artist had little interest in civic guards, less in ordered portraits, and none whatever in the vanity of military men. Hence *The Night Watch*, an experiment that pleased nobody.

After *The Night Watch*, the tide of popular favor, as he had anticipated, turned against him. But he did not care. He was faced with a far more desolating situation. In the preceding year his wife had given birth to a son whom she had named Titus in memory of her sister, Titia, and to his unbounded delight the boy had lived. But the mother had wasted away and while the injured musketeers were haggling over a great work of art which they had not bargained for, she died.

Rembrandt was profoundly hurt but he was not crushed. Again he reverted to his Bible, and the stories which had never failed to excite him now moved him to his loftiest religious utterances and he painted *The Holy Family*, in the Hermitage, and *The Supper at Emmaus*, in the Louvre. He was entering the period of his greatest productions.

His young housekeeper, Hendrickje Stoffels, was, like the wife of William Blake, a perfect companion for a man of genius. And like Blake's wife, she could neither read nor write. Rembrandt treated Hendrickje as his wife and she was loved as a second mother by young Titus – but he never married her. Commissions had practically ceased and he made no effort to recover his lost prestige. And he persisted in his old habits of extravagant collecting, spending whatever funds he could get hold of, and thoughtlessly drawing on his son's inheritance.

Rembrandt was declared bankrupt. His creditors were merciless. An inventory was drawn up and in the following year a public sale announced. There remained his etchings, his sole means of subsistence. He borrowed the use of a press, pulled off a bundle of impressions, and disposed of them to dealers who, seeing how hard up he was, made as if they were doing him a favor by paying him starvation driblets for masterpieces. He moved again to an unfrequented quarter at the end of the Ghetto.

Through the influence of a wealthy dyer who, in his youth, had been one of Rembrandt's pupils, and gratefully remembered the association, he was commissioned to paint a group portrait of the *Syndics of the Draper's Guild*, his last work of this character, and the greatest work of this character in existence. But it netted him nothing.

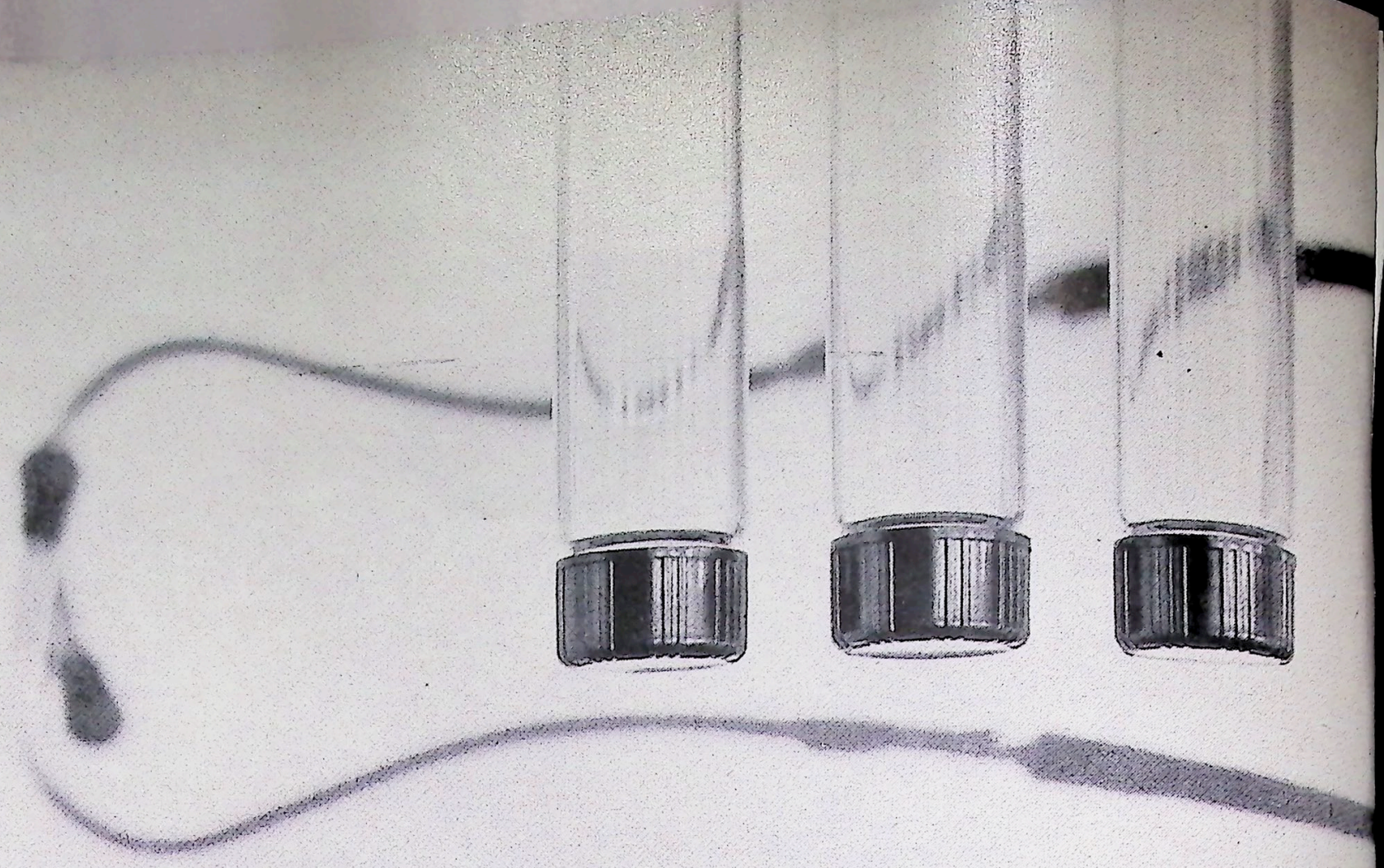
In his last years Rembrandt was the most enviable of mortals. His wants were few: paint and gin; cheese and pickled herring; a box of coals to warm his fingers. He was at peace with the world – the peace that comes upon a man when he has finished a great work. Fat, debt-ridden and friendless, he sat at his window above the Rose Canal and painted. His son married and went away. He painted a portrait of the pale young man and his bride, two of his finest things. He worked on with unremitting discipline, pushing the medium of paint farther and farther, laying the soul bare with a few strokes of the palette knife.

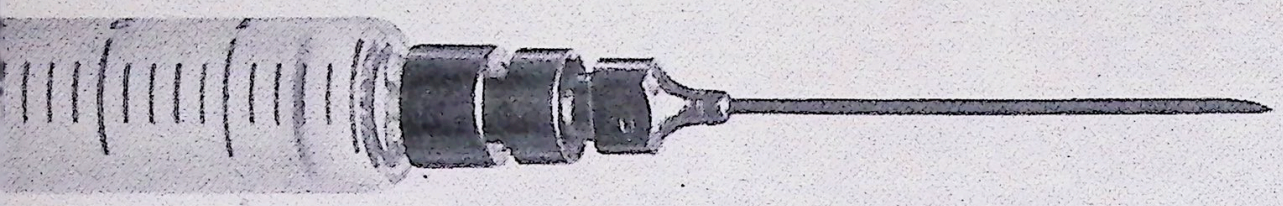
The next year his son died, and as he followed the body to the grave, wearing his best rags, a fur-lined coat smeared with many colors, he kept his head erect and the loafers of the quarter marveled at this old man's composure.

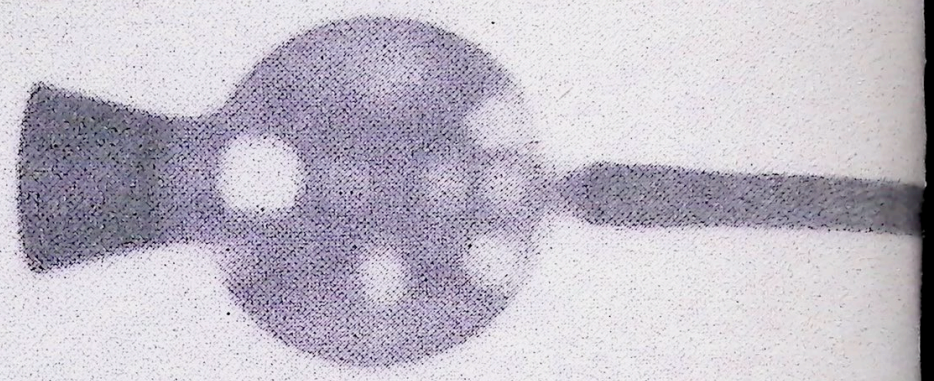
He painted himself again – the last of a long series of self-portraits which have made his face familiar to everyone – a mask of colored mud laughing at the world which had tried so many times to beat him. One year more of life and work.

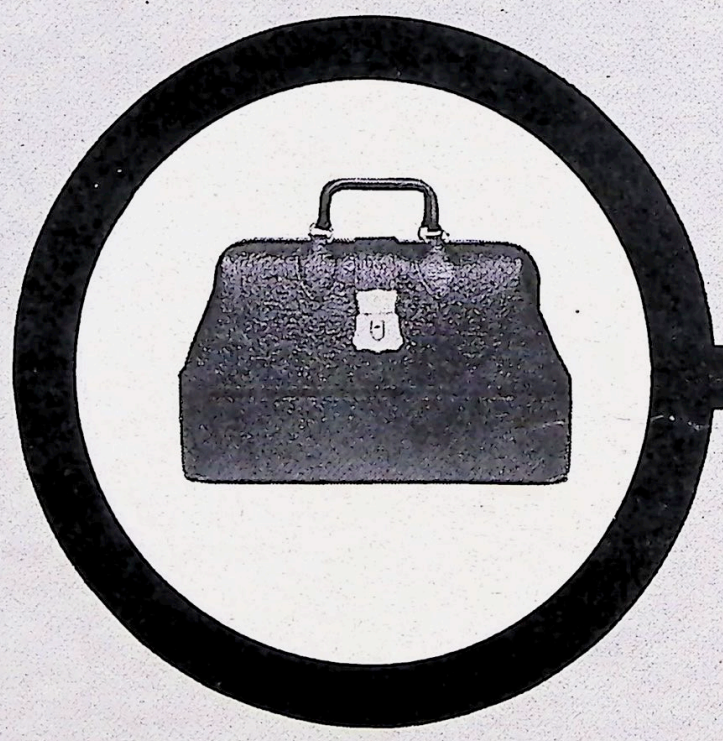
When death came, in 1669, it brought him no greater peace than the peace he had already won. His funeral was attended by his nurse, his daughter Cornelia, his son's widow and a number of inquisitive Jews who had heard that he had once been a famous man in Amsterdam. ♦

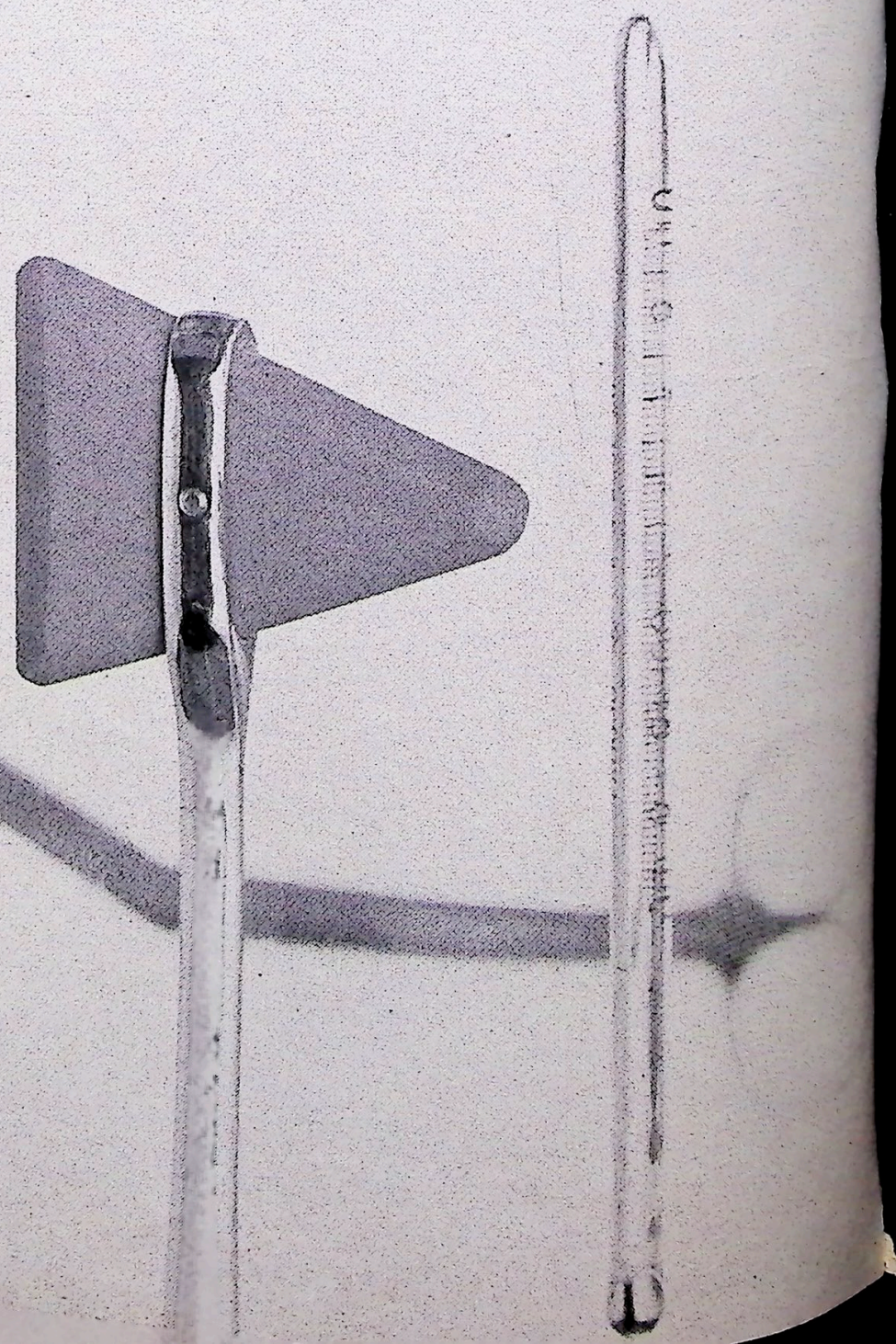
Etching: MADONNA AND CHILD WITH CAT

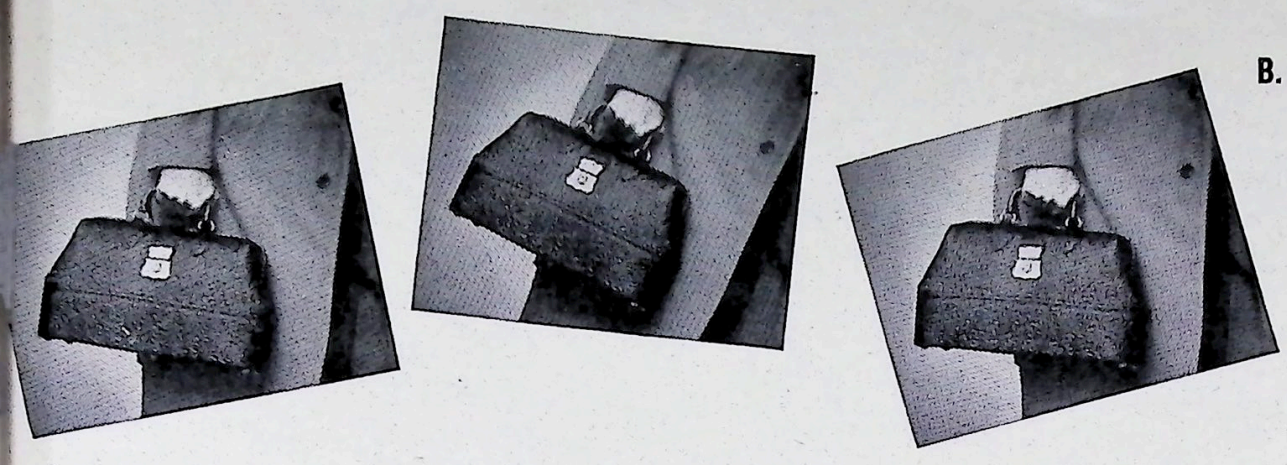












What's in a DOCTOR'S BAG?

by Martin Gumpert, M.D.

The little black leather bag has become the foremost symbol of medical help in an emergency. Into the patient's house, disturbed by sudden pain and agony, confidence enters with the physician's bag. Many patients may have wondered what this portable miniature hospital contains.

A recent survey undertaken by the editors of *Current Medical Digest* brought answers from physicians of every state of the Union, from rural as well as urban districts. The replies were surprisingly uniform, though there exist, of course, some individual preferences for certain drugs or instruments. The majority of the reporting physicians carry thirty-seven different items on their visits to patients. Experts consider this list an almost perfect selection for dealing with any kind of medical emergency which the modern physician may encounter on an emergency call:

A. Standard equipment for diagnosis:

1. **Stethoscope,** the well-known instrument for studying the sounds arising within the body
2. **Sphygmomanometer,** an instrument for measuring the blood pressure
3. **Thermometers** for measuring the temperature of the body
4. **Tongue blades** to facilitate inspection of the throat
5. **Otoscope** for looking into the outer ear
6. **Ophthalmoscope** for examining the background of the eyes
7. **Reflex hammer** for testing nervous reflexes
8. **Rubber gloves**

B. Standard equipment for treatment:

1. **Sterile syringes** and **needles** for injection
2. **Sterile surgical instruments** for emergency surgery
3. **Sterile bandages**
4. **Adhesive tape**
5. **Cotton applicators**
6. **Cotton balls**
7. **Tourniquet** for control of hemorrhages by direct pressure on the blood vessels
8. **Prescription blanks**

C. Drugs:

1. **Seconal sodium,** a rapidly acting sedative of short duration
2. **Phenobarbital,** a sedative of longer duration
3. **Morphine sulphate** } to relieve severe pain
4. **Demerol** }
5. **Codeine phosphate** to control coughing and relieve pain
6. **Aspirin** or similar drugs to relieve mild pain and control fever
7. **Epinephrin,** in a solution of 1:1,000, for treating asthma or allergic shock conditions
8. **Coramine or metrazol** } as stimulants for the heart or the breathing center,
9. **Caffeine** } or to counteract poisoning by sleeping drugs
10. **Digitoxin** or **strophanthin** for heart failures
11. **Nitroglycerin** to enlarge the coronary arteries of the heart
12. **Aminophylline** to treat acute coronary disease
13. **Mercuhydrin** for powerful and rapid stimulation of kidney function
14. **Atropine sulphate** to relieve cramps
15. **Ergotrate** to check bleeding from the womb
16. **Penicillin, aureomycin, terramycin** to control infections
17. **Furacin** for dressing of superficial infections
18. **Merthiolate** for prevention of local infection
19. **Procaine** for local anesthesia
20. **Benadryl** or similar drugs for use in allergic conditions
21. **Alcohol** in a 70-per-cent solution
22. **Sterile water**

Most of these drugs are powerful agents, safe only in the doctor's hands. If mismanaged, they can be poisonous instead of beneficial. They cannot be obtained without prescription and should never be given or taken without medical supervision.

There are many other remedies which the doctor may carry to the patient's bed. But it is encouraging to learn of the wide agreement among physicians about the most useful and efficient measures for emergency treatment. ♦

Unfinished Symphony

by Bernard Shore

Schubert's life was shorter even than Mozart's, and as long as civilization lasts there will be mourning for the world's loss of that lovely genius, dearer to some hearts than any other in the whole realm of music, at an age when none of the great composers had done their best work.

If Bach had died at 31 he would be forgotten—and so would Haydn. Mozart, dead at 31, would indeed be remembered, but we should have been without "Don Giovanni," "The Magic Flute" and the great symphonies. Beethoven? We should be left with first-period works only. And Wagner, the composer of the "The Flying Dutchman" only—would he be well remembered?

A thing to bear in mind about Schubert is that all his works are early works. Another thing is this: down to the very last weeks of his life he was developing prodigiously. The last year or so was the time of his greatest symphony, his greatest Mass, his greatest chamber music, his greatest piano sonatas and a quantity of marvelous songs. But the chief consideration is not what Schubert did not but what he did accomplish.

At the same time, Schubert has sometimes been disparaged as none of his three great predecessors of the Viennese school have been. In this connection one should bear in mind that practically everything Schubert wrote from his 15th year onwards—and he wrote incessantly—has been preserved and published.

And there is the fact, which has been allowed to weigh in some estimates down to our own day that for a variety of reasons Schubert did not succeed in fully imposing himself on his contemporary world. There has been much misunderstanding of Schubert's character because he did not shine in ordinary society (he did not care to).

The truth is that Schubert, obscure by birth and standing deliberately aloof from the official musical world of his Vienna, was the life and soul of his chosen circle, a group of intellectual young men, artists, poets, civil servants, several of them talented, most of them of superior social position to himself, who one and all acknowledged him as their leading spirit and reveled in his genius.

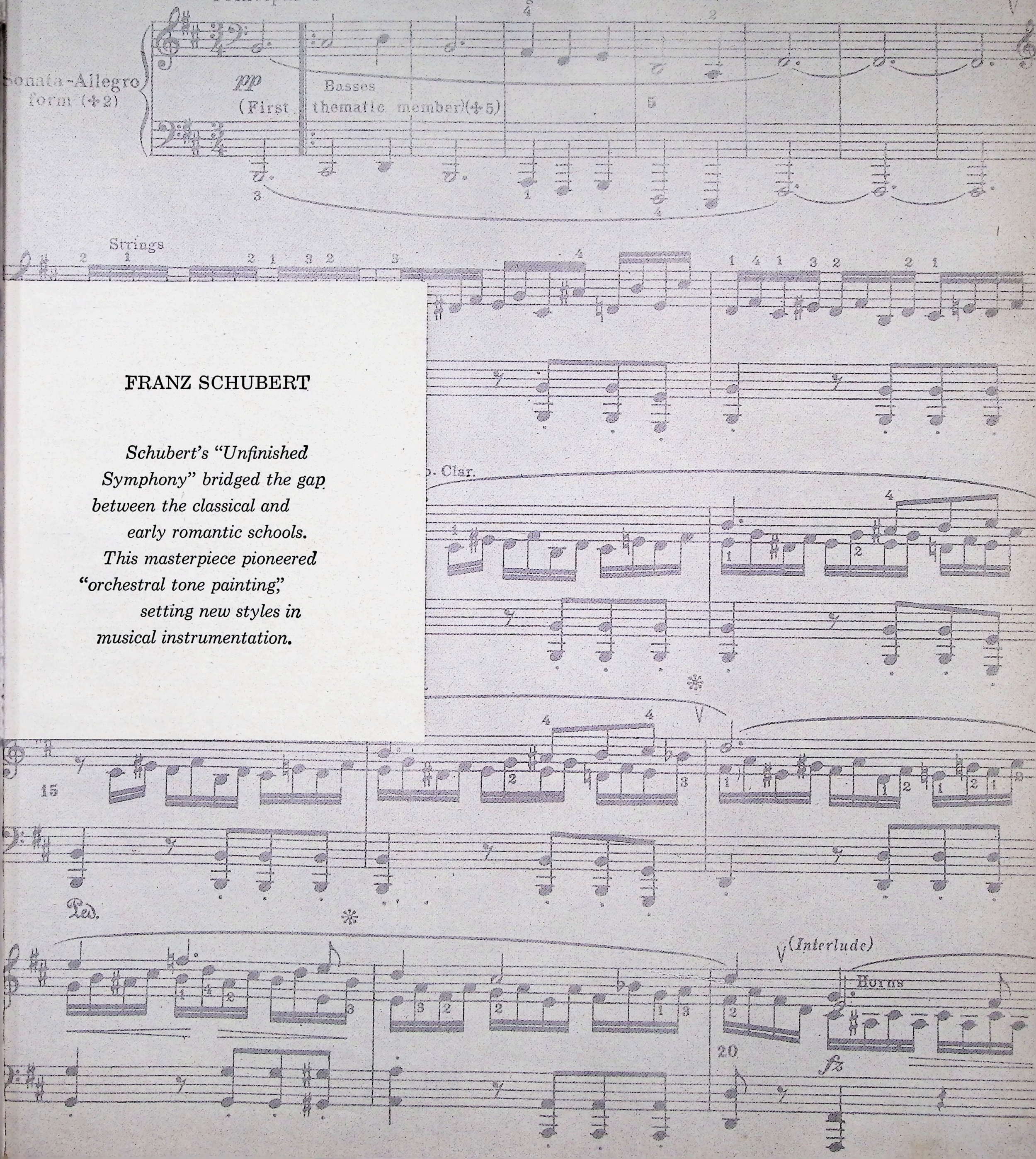
(continued on page 26)

(♯4) SYMPHONY (Unfinished), in B minor

(Composed in 1822)

First Movement, Allegro moderato

FRANZ SCHUBERT
(1797-1828)



FRANZ SCHUBERT

Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" bridged the gap between the classical and early romantic schools. This masterpiece pioneered "orchestral tone painting," setting new styles in musical instrumentation.

"Schubertiads" was the name they gave to their meetings and parties.

Outside this circle and that of his family Schubert was ill at ease—and above all impatient. He had time for nothing but friends and his art. Once or twice, being hard-pressed financially, he half-heartedly put in for salaried appointments, but one can see that he did not seriously wish for them.

One thing salient about Schubert's life is the determination with which he gave himself to composition. Much of the pity expended over his penniless lot is misplaced. It is true that he was miserably rewarded by the publishers of his compositions. But even this is something we should consider with the justice of remembering that publishers, in those days of an incoherent copyright law, were not in their established position of today, and the royalty system did not exist. In their dealings with Schubert they were hard. He never had the luck of hitting upon a publisher of any generosity.

But this was hardly more than an inconvenience, not a misery, to Schubert. His music was published—100 works in the seven years before his death. The important thing for Schubert, as for us, was that he should be free to write. He was free to do so. He had worshiping friends and, hard up though he was, he certainly never starved.

The tragedy of Schubert's life had nothing to do with his circumstances. He was happy in the exercise of his wonderful genius. He had no unlucky love affairs, so far as is known. There is, in fact, no substantial evidence of any such affair of any seriousness. If penniless, he had no family claims.

The disaster was an illness that afflicted him when he was 26. It was not in itself mortal and in those next few years he worked like a man possessed but it undermined his health. The illness of 1823 was not the immediate cause of his death on that dreadful day, November 19, 1828. The immediate cause was typhoid. But what we can divine in the records is essentially something like Mozart's death—Schubert was killed by the exactions of his inner demon.

He was born not, indeed, into a family of professional musicians but into one in which music was the prime recreation, the daily delight. We shall not begin to understand the great Viennese classical period if the extraordinary cult of music of the time is not appreciated. The passion for good music that had characterized the aristocracy and upper burgesses of Mozart's time spread a few years later to more modest circles.

Schubert's father was an elementary schoolmaster of peasant stock, with a large family and an income that would in our days appear a starvation wage. Schubert's boyhood was a time of national crisis and military disasters. As a boy he saw the French occupation of Vienna and the years of his adolescence were those of a severe *post-bellum* stringency. But the cost of living remained surprisingly low.

Schubert did not starve. That the modest Liechtental family was above the danger-line is proved by the present Schubert's father gave to his 17-year-old son of a five-octave piano on the occasion of the production of the lad's first Mass, composed for a festival at their parish church.

It is characteristic of Schubert that four years later he should have offered the instrument as a present to his brother Ferdinand who was then in need of a piano. Schubert's family attachments were deep—to his father, his step-mother, to his brothers and sisters. The story of a breach with his father (told in nearly all the biographies) has the flimsiest of foundations.

What of Schubert's musical education? It was somewhat less thorough than that of Mozart or Beethoven. His father was an amateur and the child's marvelous gifts excited more wonder than ambition in his circle. But the commonly held belief that Schubert was an uneducated genius is nonsense. His father gave him violin lessons when he was eight and sent him to be taught singing and the rudiments of music with the local organist. The child already knew his way about the piano and his elder brother Ferdinand gave him lessons.

At the age of 11 he easily won a choral scholarship at the Imperial Seminary, the best school in Vienna. He was there for five years and in the next period of his life, when he was already writing masterpieces, he was a composition pupil of the famous Salieri. In some ways the regimen at the seminary was harsh, as all boys' schools were then, but the musical opportunities were important. As well as the court chapel choir there was a school orchestra which practiced every day. The small Schubert was soon promoted to be principal violin.

From his twelfth year Schubert composed copiously. Dated 1811 is the enormous vocal piece, "Hagar's Lament," which stands first in the collected edition of his 600 songs. At the seminary he made life-long friends. In the autumn in which he quitted the institution he completed his first symphony, in D, and began his opera "The Devil's Pleasaunce."

Is his father to be censured for not trusting to a musical career for Schubert and for starting him at schoolteaching? In any case Schubert cannot have let his pupils greatly distract him from his music. The volume of music he produced at the time was enormous—in 1815, for instance, 144 songs, six stage works, another Mass, and two more symphonies. In the next year, 1816, when he was 19, he left his father's school and took to the Bohemian way of life in which he remained until his death.

One phenomenon cannot be passed over. While the boy Schubert was practicing his art in symphonies, quartets and sonatas—all pleasing music, but youthful prentice-work—he already achieved in the domain of song what no other musician of his years, and indeed no other artist of any sort in all the centuries, has done, namely the creation of absolute masterpieces, songs of insuperable value and absolutely mature beauty. At 16 he composed "Gretchen at the Spinning-Wheel," at 17 "The Erl King." The miracle that these pages represent will amaze mankind for ever and ever.

Such achievements have had the curious effect of leading many writers into disparaging Schubert's instrumental works, without taking the trouble to consider the date of composition. Bear in mind that Schubert was 23 before he matured as an instrumental composer. Charming as is much of the earlier music, it is all properly regarded as prentice-work. After all, 23 is not so very advanced an age! His 24th year (1820) is that of the wonderful string quartet (unfinished) in C minor. But everything that Schubert wrote from then onwards may fairly be judged by the severest standard.

The problem of Schubert's unfinished compositions remains unsolved. There are two unfinished symphonies, the unfinished string quartet, and five unfinished piano sonatas. The truth, in brief, may be guessed to be that the pressure of new ideas and the impulse to launch out on different enterprises were too much for him. Another time would do for works he had practically finished—music that only wanted writing down!

The history of the unfinished symphony in B minor is curious. The first two movements—today famous and familiar as anything in the orchestral repertory—were completed and dispatched to Schubert's friend Huttenbrenner, at Graz. The beginning of the scherzo exists. For no known reason Schubert broke off and posterity is left guessing what the finale would have been like. One thing certain is that Schubert cannot have intended to let it remain in that state. The other strange thing about the symphony is that Huttenbrenner, a musician, indolently put it aside and seems no less than Schubert to have forgotten its existence. It was lost to sight until 1865. ♦

Saint of our Century

by George Seaver

Albert Schweitzer is probably the most gifted genius of our age, as well as its most prophetic thinker. A Doctor four times over – in philosophy, in theology, in music, and in medicine – he was earning three of these distinctions while in his twenties, at an age when most men are still serving their apprenticeship in one; and for him they are but incidental to the classic contributions which he has made to each of these subjects.

What is rarer still, his practical achievements and manual skill have kept pace with his scholarship: a surgeon, a self-taught architect and builder, an agriculturalist, an organist and a consultant in organ-craft, he has further proved his ability as an administrator in founding, organizing, and maintaining a hospital in French Equatorial Africa.

After forty years the pace of the work in the hospital – Sundays and weekdays alike – is as strenuous as ever, and the Doctor is on his feet all day long.

His daily routine is as follows. Day commences at 6:45, when he sets the workmen to their various tasks which he feels obliged to supervise in every detail. Breakfast from 7:30 to 8, when the workmen are called again and instructions given for the day, and the materials for gardening, building, forestry, and road repair are issued; and, –

"I run from right to left, what with pumps to repair, missing keys to find, tools to mend, the refrigerators to set going, wood to fetch for the kitchen and laundry; bananas, cassava, and maize to buy from the natives who bring it in – *et que sais-je encore*."

This goes on until 10 o'clock. From 10 to 12:45, medical work. The midday meal at 12:45; after which a siesta for all until 2. Again he supervises and participates in the outdoor work before returning to the hospital for his afternoon's pharmacy. If time permits he *runs* back to the plantation before 5 o'clock to check up on the day's work, and returns to the hospital to be busy with the sick until 6:30.

Then he climbs up to his bungalow, if possible for an hour's practice on his piano-organ until supper in order to keep up his technique. "But often I am too tired, especially after a run to the plantation, and so I am obliged to rest until supper and play the piano afterwards." After supper, if nothing prevents, "I belong to myself." Then he attends to correspondence or works at his book on philosophy. "Happily I have always had the faculty, while busy with other work, of concentrating my mind on the chapter in hand."

About 11:30 he goes down to the hospital again with his petrol lamp for a last look at the patients, and to give medicine or injections for the night to insure a sound sleep for those who are in pain. If not too tired himself, he works on until midnight or later.

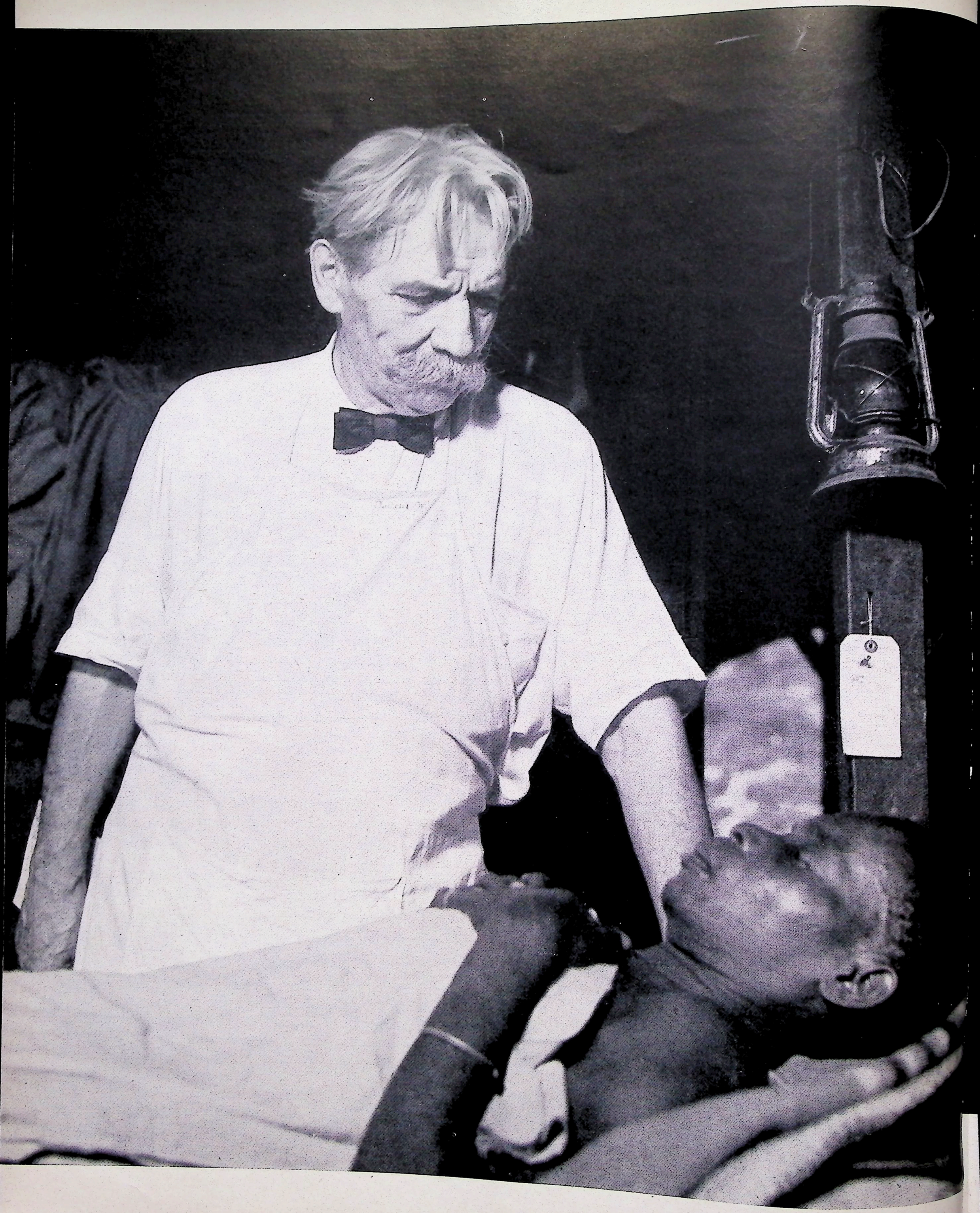
But a life of activity without leisure, expenditure without recuperation, must – even if it cannot break the will – induce at times in the giver an involuntary heart-weariness. A letter outlining the routine of a working day and indited in the small hours of the morning, ends thus:

"My capacity for sound sleep enables me to carry on like this and keep going without a day's rest. But oh! for one free day when I could at last sleep enough to get rid of the fatigue which more and more invades me; to concentrate entirely on finishing my book, to study my music and play the organ at leisure; to walk, to dream, to read for pure refreshment's sake. When will that day come? Will it ever come? – But meanwhile I give thanks to God who has given me the health and strength to carry on this existence, in so difficult a climate, and in continual preoccupations of all kinds. I am upheld by the privilege of being allowed to give myself to those in pain, and by the generosity of friends which enables me to continue my work."

An extract from the leading article of a London newspaper commemorating Schweitzer's birthday pays this tribute:

"If sainthood consists in making the good life attractive, Albert Schweitzer is a saint of our century. Yet his example does not belittle our own lives. He ennobles us, who are made of the same human clay. His story is a living sermon on the brotherhood of man. It gives perspective to the sufferings of our time."

This is Schweitzer, eighty-one years old, doctoring with science and kindness the inhabitants of French Equatorial Africa, a great and honest thinker who has practised his conclusions for fifty years, self-devoted, self-supported, living out his golden sermon. ♦



from the Wisdom of ALBERT SCHWEITZER

THE GREAT PROBLEM OF RELIGION

All problems of religion, ultimately, go back to this one – the experience I have of God within myself differs from the knowledge concerning Him which I derive from the world. In the world He appears to me as the mysterious, marvelous creative Force; within me He reveals Himself as ethical Will. In the world He is impersonal Force, within me He reveals Himself as Personality. The God who is known through philosophy and the God whom I experience as ethical Will do not coincide. They are one; but how they are one, I do not understand.

THE POWER OF IDEALS

The power of ideals is incalculable. We see no power in a drop of water. But let it get into a crack in the rock and be turned to ice, and it splits the rock; turned into steam, it drives the pistons of the most powerful engines. Something has happened to it which makes active and effective power that is latent in it.

So it is with ideals. Ideals are thoughts. So long as they exist merely as thoughts, the power latent in them remains ineffective, however great the enthusiasm, and however strong the conviction with which the thought is held. Their power becomes effective only when they are taken up into some refined human personality.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

The great secret of success is to go through life as a man who never gets used up. That is possible for him who never argues and strives with men and facts, but in all experiences retires upon himself, and looks for the ultimate cause of things in himself.

HAVE LIGHT IN YOURSELF

No one should compel himself to show to others more of his inner life than he feels it natural to show. We can do no more than let others judge for themselves what we inwardly and really are, and do the same ourselves with them. The one essential thing is that we strive to have light in ourselves. Our strivings will be recognized by others, and when people have light in themselves, it will shine out from them. Then we get to know each other as we walk together in the darkness, without needing to pass our hands over each other's faces, or to intrude into each other's hearts.

THE STRENGTH THAT CONQUERS

Anyone who proposes to do good must not expect people to roll stones out of his way, but must accept his lot calmly if they even roll a few more upon it. A strength which becomes clearer and stronger through its experience of such obstacles is the only strength that can conquer them. Resistance is only a waste of strength.

ALL LIFE IS VALUABLE

The deeper we look into nature, the more we recognize that it is full of life, and the more profoundly we know that all life is a secret and that we are united with all life that is in nature. Man can no longer live his life for himself alone. We realize that all life is valuable and that we are united to all this life. From this knowledge comes our spiritual relationship to the universe.

LIFE'S ENTHUSIASMS

The ideas which determine our character and life are implanted in mysterious fashion. When we are leaving childhood behind us, they begin to shoot out. When we are seized by youth's enthusiasm for the good and the true, they burst into flower, and the fruit begins to set. In the development which follows the one really important thing is – how much there still remains of the fruit, the buds of which were put out in its springtime by the tree of our life.

The conviction that in later life we must struggle to remain thinking as freely and feeling as deeply as we did in our youth, has accompanied me on my road through life as a faithful advisor.

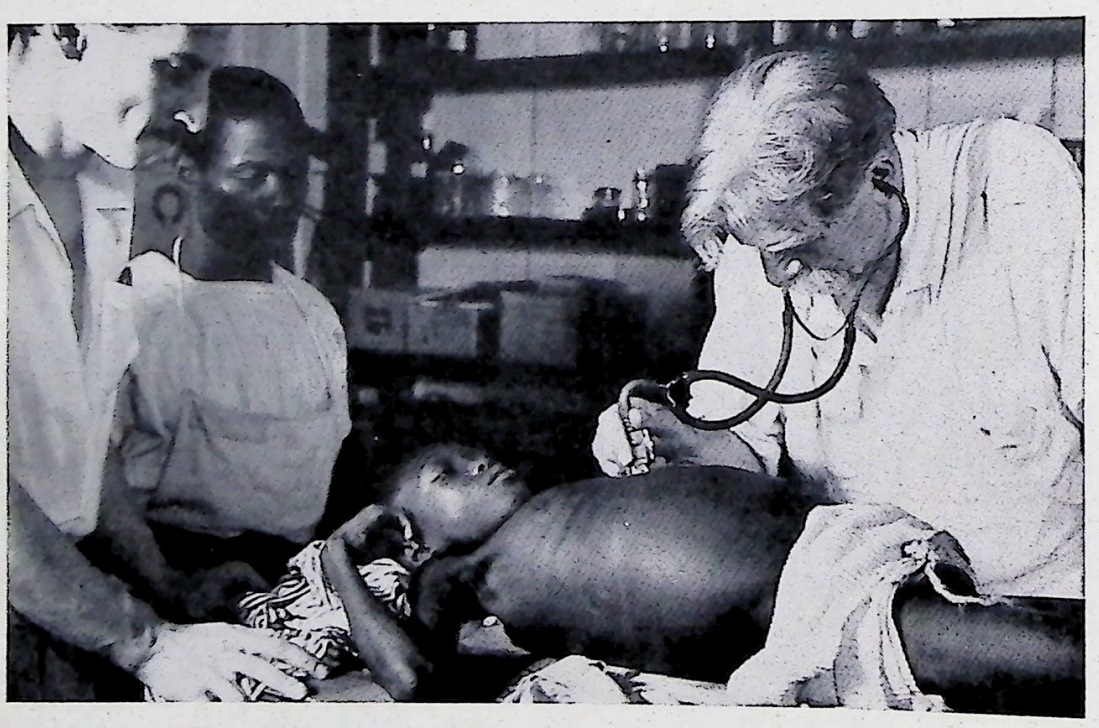
ON BEING A BLOCKHEAD

One day, in my despair, I threw myself into a chair in the consulting-room and groaned out: "What a blockhead I was to come out here to doctor savages like these!" Whereupon Joseph quietly remarked: "Yes, Doctor, here on earth you are a great blockhead, but not in heaven."

BEETHOVEN'S MUSICAL PICTURES

Beethoven's works were written under the impression of definite scenes, in spite of the fact that they are claimed to be pure music. When asked for an explanation of the D minor sonata, he replied, "Read Shakespeare's *Tempest*." In the adagio of the F major quartet (*op.* 18, No. I) he had in his mind the grave scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. The E major sonata (*op.* 81) even bears an authentic inscription; it depicts a farewell, a separation and a return.

More particularly in his latest chamber music we have a strong feeling that the musical sequence of ideas is determined by a poetic mood of some kind; we have, however, no hints by which we can definitely reconstruct from the music the situation the composer had in his mind.



LONELY GREATNESS

Johann Sebastian Bach lived in the decadent epoch when music and poetry led each other astray, an epoch of excessive scribbling, of superficial art... an epoch which seemed fated to be impotent to create anything of durable value. Whereas at other times and in other places the great artist has been only one star among others, whose light, if less brilliant than his, he nevertheless did not extinguish, Bach is surrounded by mere will-o'-the-wisps, which his epoch – and he with it – mistook for stars.

Of the innumerable cantatas that were written and admired at that time, his alone have survived their own day, and even these exhibit, both in their form and in their texts, traces of the dead world from which they have come. There is no stronger testimony to the greatness of Bach than the fact that in an epoch of error, and sharing its errors, he nevertheless wrote imperishable works.

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW

In the far interior, where the cult of Islam is widespread, young men were making merry over an old one who was a zealous reader of the Koran. "You will soon know your Koran by heart," they said. "Don't you get sick of always reading the same thing?"

"For me," he replied, "it is by no means the same Koran. When I was a boy, I understood it as a boy. When I was a man in my prime, I understood it as a man, and now I am old I understand it as an old man. I read it again and again because, for me, it always contains something new."

GOD IN THE UNIVERSE

There is an ocean – cold water without motion. In this ocean, however is the Gulf Stream, hot water flowing from the equator towards the Pole. Inquire of all scientists how it is physically imaginable that a stream of hot water flows between the waters of the ocean, which, so to speak, form its banks, the moving within the motionless, the hot within the cold: no scientist can explain it. Similarly, there is the God of love within the God of the forces of the universe – one with Him, and yet so totally different. We let ourselves be seized and carried away by that vital stream.

A PRAYER FOR ALL LIVING CREATURES

It was quite incomprehensible to me – this was before I began going to school – why in my evening prayers I should pray for human beings only. So when my mother had prayed with me and had kissed me good night, I used to add silently a prayer that I had composed myself for all living creatures. It ran thus: "O, heavenly Father, protect and bless all things that have breath; guard them from all evil, and let them sleep in peace." ♦

BOY

MR. McGUFFE

DOG

GIR

by Lewis Atherton

100,000,000 READERS

Between 1850 and 1900 Americans bought 100,000,000 copies of William Holmes McGuffey's school Readers. Though well received virtually everywhere, they appealed particularly to the Middle Border. As an apostle of religion, morality, and education, McGuffey wanted to bolster midwestern civilization against the dangers inherent in pioneering new frontiers.

Since his Readers were directed to a supposedly classless society, they were all-inclusive in their appeal, and from them came a set of principles which remained unchallenged in the minds of common people until the turn of the century.

McGuffey worried so much about frontier dangers that he overlooked the revolutionary changes in transportation, manufacturing, and management which were then taking place. The 1857 revision of his Readers, which most Mid-westerners studied, barely mentioned steamboats, and railroads received no attention at all.

McGuffey's emphasis on rural and village life pleased an agrarian age. His environmental picture squared with physical facts and people knew just enough of the outside world to share his doubts about cities. His Readers thus gained strength by applying the eternal verities to a simple culture, uncomplicated by urban and industrial problems. This very strength, however, became a source of weakness as village and farm gave way to city and factory.

McGuffey ideals retreated slowly. Rural America believed in a classless society, which helped enforce still other pressures toward conformity. Even the problem of evil in a universe governed by divine law was explained to schoolboys through simple stories. Everything happened for the best and every object had a purpose in the great plan of things.

McGuffey taught that society depended on religion. Christianity was conducive to national prosperity. It raised the poor from want, brought rich and poor together on a common level for an hour of prayer, and promoted good order and harmony. Self-respect and elevation of character, softness and civility of manners came from religious teaching. Christianity strengthened the family circle as a source of instruction, comfort, and happiness.

Insofar as school books are concerned, small-town Mid-America now reads of miracles of science.

In the second half of the nineteenth century grade schools commonly opened the day with brief devotional exercises. Lessons also had a religious slant. These simple stories and poems in public-school readers document the tremendous shift in faith between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, from a man-centered and God-centered universe on the one hand to an impersonal and science-centered universe on the other.

McGuffey also stressed the need for public schools. "We must educate!" Literary as well as religious institutions must keep pace with the headlong rush of western settlement. If the Middle Border expected to preserve republican institutions and universal suffrage, both *head* and *heart* must be trained. McGuffey thus urged pupils to feverish activity.

Newspapers expressed the same ideas. Parents supposedly could do nothing finer for their children than to educate them. Although children often attended school only irregularly and quit at an early age and less than half the adult population were formal church members, citizens generally believed churches and schools made communities "decent places" in which to live. Even real estate promotion—the most absorbing interest of all—stressed the presence of churches and schools as selling points.

McGuffey ranked family life with church and school as a third major conservator of ideals. Families were like a bundle of twigs; the strength of all far surpassed that of the individual. McGuffey stressed love of brother and sister in a nature poem which Theodore Roosevelt later was to criticize for its ignorance of birds. Idealization of motherhood and the mother's central position in family life was a frequent theme.

McGuffey stressed complete obedience to parental direction and parental ideals in return for the love and care lavished on younger members of the family. At company dinners, McGuffey-trained parents made children eat at the second table and also expected them to be seen and not heard. Elders were always addressed as "Mr." and "Mrs." by properly reared children. At the same time, parents wanted their offspring to have every advantage of religion and education, if they really had taken the McGuffey lessons to heart. ♦

The evidence furnished at the Trials and Rehabilitation sets forth Joan of Arc's strange and beautiful history in clear and minute detail. Among all the multitude of biographies that freight the shelves of the world's libraries, *this is the only one whose validity is confirmed to us by oath.*

It gives us a vivid picture of a career and a personality of so extraordinary a character that we are helped to accept them as actualities by the very fact that both are beyond the inventive reach of fiction.

The public part of the career occupied only a mere breath of time – it covered but two years; but what a career it was! The personality which made it possible is one to be reverently studied, loved, and marveled at, but not to be wholly understood and accounted for by even the most searching analysis.

In Joan of Arc at the age of 16 there was no promise of romance. She lived in a dull little village on the frontiers of civilization. She had been nowhere and had seen nothing. She knew none but simple shepherd folks. She had never seen a person of note.

She hardly knew what a soldier looked like. She had never ridden a horse, nor had a warlike weapon in her hand. She could neither read nor write. She could spin and sew. She knew her catechism and her prayers and the fabulous histories of the saints, and this was all her learning. That was Joan at 16.

What did she know of law? of evidence? of courts? of the attorney's trade? of legal procedure? Nothing. Less than nothing. Thus exhaustively equipped with ignorance, she went before the court at Toul to contest a false charge of breach of promise of marriage; she conducted her cause herself, without anyone's help or advice or anyone's friendly sympathy and won it.

She called no witnesses of her own, but vanquished the prosecution by using with deadly effectiveness its own testimony. The astonished judge threw the case out of court and spoke of her as "this marvelous child."

She went to the veteran commandant of Vaucouleurs and demanded an escort of soldiers, saying she must march to the help of the King of France, since she was commissioned of God to win back his lost kingdom for him and set the crown upon his head. The commandant advised that she be taken back to her village and have her ears boxed. But she said she must obey God and would come again and, in time he yielded, after months of delay and refusal.

She made her long and perilous journey through the enemy's

Saint Joan of Arc

by Mark Twain

country and spoke with the king and convinced him. Then she was summoned before the University of Poitiers to prove that she *was* commissioned of God and not of Satan.

Daily during three weeks she sat before that learned congress unafraid and capably answered their deep questions out of her ignorant but able head and her simple and honest heart. Again she won her case, and with it the wondering admiration of all that august company.

And now, aged 17, she was made commander-in-chief, with a prince of the royal house and the veteran generals of France for subordinates. At the head of the first army she had ever seen, she marched to Orleans, carried the commanding fortresses of the enemy by storm in three desperate assaults and in ten days raised a siege which had defied the might of France for seven months.

After a tedious and insane delay caused by the king's instability of character and the treacherous counsels of his ministers, she got permission to take the field again.

She took Jargeau by storm, then Meung. She forced Beaugency to surrender. Then – in the open field – she won the memorable victory of Patay and broke the back of the Hundred Years' War.

It was a campaign which cost but seven weeks of time, yet the political results would have been cheap if the time expended had been fifty years. Patay was the Moscow of the English power in France. From the blow struck that day it was destined never to recover. It was the beginning of the end of an alien dominion which had ridden France intermittently for three hundred years.

Then followed the great campaign of the Loire, the capture of Troyes by assault and the triumphal march past surrendering towns and fortresses to Rheims, where Joan put the crown upon her king's head in the cathedral, amid wild public rejoicings and with her old peasant father there to see these things and believe his eyes if he could.

She had restored the crown and the lost sovereignty. The king was grateful for once in his shabby poor life and asked her to name her reward and have it. She asked for nothing for herself, but begged that the taxes of her native village might be remitted forever. The prayer was granted, and the promise kept for 360 years. Then it was broken and remains broken today.

Joan asked one other favor: that now that her mission was fulfilled she might be allowed to go back to her village and take up her humble life again with her mother and the friends of her childhood, for she had no pleasure in the cruelties of war and the

sight of blood and suffering wrung her heart. This prayer was not granted.

Then she wanted to march at once upon Paris, take it, and drive the English out of France. She was hampered in all the ways that treachery and the king's vacillation could devise, but she forced her way to Paris at last and fell badly wounded in a successful assault upon one of the gates.

Of course her men lost heart at once – she was the only heart they had. They fell back. She begged to be allowed to remain at the front, saying victory was sure. "I will take Paris now or die!" she said. But she was removed from the field by force. The king ordered a retreat, and actually disbanded his army.

Then, by command, she followed the king and his frivolous court and endured a gilded captivity for a time, as well as her free spirit could. Whenever inaction became unbearable she gathered some men together and rode away and assaulted a stronghold and captured it.

At last in a sortie against the enemy, from Compiègne, on the 24th day of May (when she was turned 18), she was herself captured, after a gallant fight. It was her last battle. She was to follow the drums no more.

Thus ended the briefest epoch-making military career known to history. It lasted only a year and a month, but in the centuries that have since elapsed 500 millions of Frenchmen have lived and died blest by the benefactions it conferred.

Twenty-five years afterward the Process of Rehabilitation was instituted, there being a growing doubt as to the validity of a sovereignty that had been rescued and set upon its feet by a person who had been proven by the Church to be a witch and a familiar of evil spirits.

Joan's old generals, her secretary, several aged relations and other villagers of Domremy, surviving judges and secretaries of the Rouen and Poitiers Processes – a cloud of witnesses, some of whom had been her enemies and persecutors – came and made oath and testified. What they said was written down.

In that sworn testimony the moving and beautiful history of Joan of Arc is laid bare, from her childhood to her martyrdom. From the verdict she rises stainlessly pure, in mind and heart, in speech and deed and spirit and will so endure to the end of time.

She is the Wonder of the Ages. And when we consider her origin, her early circumstances, her sex and that she did all the things upon which her renown rests while she was still a young girl, we recognize that while our race continues she will be also the *Riddle* of the Ages.

We can understand how she could be born with military genius, with leonine courage, with incomparable fortitude, with a mind which was in several particulars a prodigy. But we cannot comprehend how they became immediately usable and effective without the developing forces of a sympathetic atmosphere and the training which comes of teaching, study and years of practice.

All the rules fail in this girl's case. In the world's history she stands alone. Others have been great in their first public exhibitions of generalship, valor, legal talent, diplomacy, fortitude; but always their previous years and associations had been in a larger or smaller degree a preparation for these things. There have been no exceptions to the rule.

But Joan was competent in a law case at 16 without ever having seen a law book or a courthouse before. She had no training in soldiership and no associations with it, yet she was a competent general in her first campaign.

Friendless, alone, a prisoner in chains, she sat week after week before her assemblage of judges, enemies hunting her to her death, the ablest minds in France and answered them out of an untaught wisdom which overmatched their learning. She baffled their tricks and treacheries with a native sagacity which compelled their wonder.

Her history has still another feature which sets her apart an leaves her without fellow or competitor. There have been man uninspired prophets, but she was the only one who ever venture the daring detail of naming, along with a foretold event, the event's precise nature, the special time-limit within which it would occur, and the place – *and scored fulfillment.*

At Vaucouleurs she said she must go to the king and be made his general, and break the English power, and crown her sovereign —"at Rheims." It all happened. It was all to happen "next year" – and it did.

She foretold her first wound and its character and date a month in advance and the prophecy was recorded in a public record-book three weeks in advance. She repeated it the morning of the date named and it was fulfilled before night.

At Tours she foretold the limit of her military career – saying it would end in one year from the time of its utterance – and sh was right. She foretold her martyrdom – using *that word,* an naming a time three months away – and again she was right.

At a time when France seemed hopelessly and permanently i the hands of the English she twice asserted in her prison before her judges that within seven years the English would meet wit

a mightier disaster than had been the fall of Orleans.

It happened within five – the fall of Paris. Other prophecies hers came true, both as to the event named and the time-limi prescribed.

She was deeply religious and believed that she had daily speec with angels, that she saw them face to face and that they counsele her, comforted and heartened her and brought commands to he direct from God.

She had a childlike faith in the heavenly origin of her apparition and her Voices and not any threat of any form of death was abl to frighten it out of her loyal heart.

She was a beautiful and simple and lovable character. In th records of the trials this comes out in clear and shining detail. She was gentle and winning and affectionate. She loved her home and friends and her village life.

She was miserable in the presence of pain and suffering. She was full of compassion. She was forgiving, generous, unselfish, magnani mous. She was pure from all spot or stain of baseness. And alway she was a *girl;* and dear and worshipful, as is meet for that estate

There is no blemish in that rounded and beautiful character Taking into account all the circumstances, she is easily and by fa the most extraordinary person the human race has produced.

MAGIC
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MAGIC in re-reading

by Clifton Fadiman

What makes a book rereadable? The answer depends on the reader as well as on the book. To Mortimer Adler a rereadable book is an "original communication," one marking a milestone in the history of Western thought and imagination.

To the sentimentalist (that takes in a lot of us) it may be a book read in childhood; he rereads and reloves not only the book, but himself as a child. (This explains why so many people to whom their childhood is an obsession cannot bear to throw away their nursery classics.)

To another a book may be rereadable if it echoes his own unalterable prejudices. It is a gauge by which he may complacently measure his lack of mental progress.

People who believe in The Truth often read one book or group of books all their lives. For them the last word has been uttered by, say, Thomas Aquinas or Adolph Hitler or Friedrich Nietzsche. Hence they stick to their particular bible and wear it to shreds. A one-book man is a dangerous man and should be taken in hand and taught how to diversify his literature investments.

I have been trying for some time to determine what kind of book I myself reread with pleasure.

What I call the "magical" quality of a book—the quality which for me makes it rereadable—is not necessarily dependent on the book's importance, its intellectual weight, its position in the critics' hierarchy of values.

Serious students of literature would doubtless rank *Madame Bovary* as a more significant work of fiction than *Great Expectations.* Probably it is. There is no question but that it has influenced the course of literature, whereas *Great Expectations* happens to be merely a Dickens novel that millions of plain readers have enjoyed.

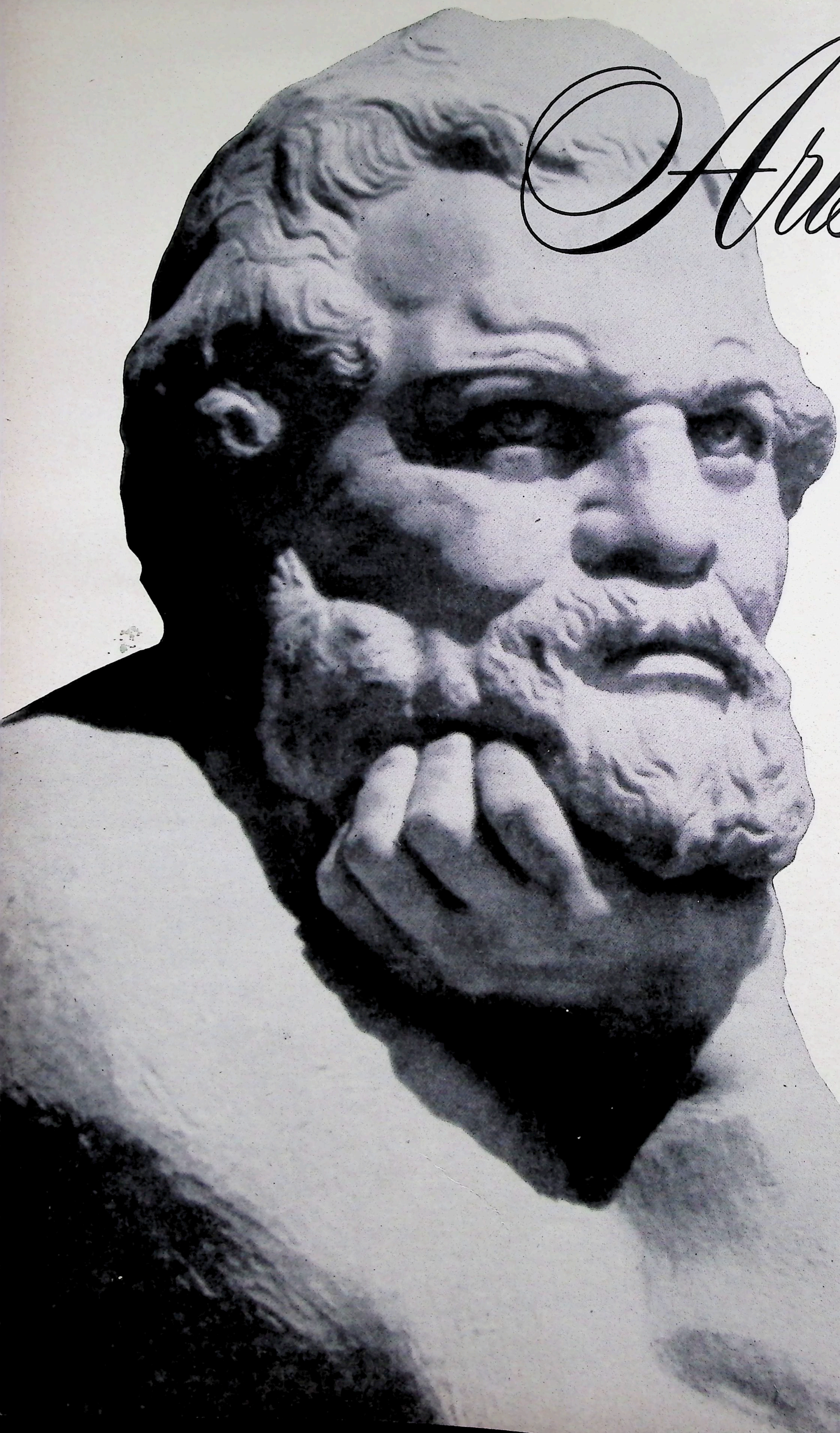
But for me *Madame Bovary* has no virtues except those of perfection. It is without magic, without personality, it is not rereadable. It is about as interesting as Sir Galahad. *Great Expectations,* on the other hand, is magical, and its magic works every time. For me the scene on the deserted moor in which Pip meets the convict beats anything in *Madame Bovary.* I don't quite understand why this should be so, but it is.

Now this magic is a very elusive thing. It may have any of a hundred shapes and forms. It may be a comic magic, as in the "swarry" scene from *Pickwick.* It may be a fearsome magic, as in the cave episode from *Tom Sawyer.* It may be deeply tragical—Lear on the heath.

In all these cases the writing has a penumbra, a "thickness" which the most intellectually precise notation of a Flaubert does not have. This penumbra does not necessarily have anything to do with remoteness from reality, with "romanticism." Nothing could be more "romantic" than the tales of Poe. Yet, to my taste, admirable as they are, they lack magic. They are mathematical, their romance is calculated.

Indeed, most tales of the supernatural have this planned quality and that is why so few of them are great literature. It is when the supernatural is accepted by the author as related to the human that literature results. There is nothing artificial about the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey,* though they are full of miracles and divinities.

Magic is not confined to "imaginative" literature. For me there is magic in Russell's *A Free Man's Worship.* There is magic in Gibbon's explanation of how he came to write the *Decline and Fall.* There is magic in the scientific popularizations of Sir Arthur Eddington. All of these works set a bell ringing in the brain. They do not become merely additions to your mental store but inhabitants of your mind. ♦


Aristotle

. . PHILOSOPHER WITH A LISP

by Henry Thomas and Dana Lee Thomas

On a midsummer day in the year 366 B.C., a young man applied for matriculation at Plato's Academy. He had come from the Macedonian city of Stagira, the "Wild West" of the Athenian world. Yet there was nothing of the cowboy about this elegant youngster.

He was the very picture of refinement, for he had been brought up in a cultured atmosphere. His father, now dead, had been court physician to Amyntas, king of Macedonia and grandfather of Alexander. From early childhood young Aristotle had been trained to a life of mental discipline and physical comfort.

His arrival at the academy created a stir among the other students. For here was an aristocrat of the aristocrats – suave, dapper, graceful, soft-spoken, gentle, polite, the very model of sartorial and ethical propriety. He was somewhat of a fop. He spoke with an affected lisp and he paid more attention to his clothes – as Plato complained – than was becoming for a sincere lover of wisdom.

But he displayed an intellect of incredible versatility. It seemed almost impossible for one mind to be open to so many facets of knowledge. Politics, drama, poetry, physics, medicine, psychology, history, logic, astronomy, ethics, natural history, mathematics, rhetoric, biology – these were but a few dishes in the diversified banquet with which the young student tried to feed his voracious appetite for learning. Plato once humorously remarked his academy consisted of two parts – the body of his students and the brain of Aristotle.

As was to be expected, the greatest master and the most brilliant student of Athens couldn't get along together. The old and the young philosopher constantly quarreled and always adored each other.

When Plato died (347 B.C.) Aristotle was thirty-seven years old. He had rightfully expected to be chosen as Plato's successor to the presidency of the academy. The trustees passed over him as a "foreigner" and elected a native Athenian instead.

Angry over his failure, Aristotle looked for an opportunity to leave Athens. And the opportunity came by way of an invitation from one of his former classmates, Hermeias. This philosopher-politician had acquired the lordship of a large territory in Asia Minor. Like Dionysius, the king of Syracuse, he was eager to try an experiment in wise government, provided the wisdom wouldn't interfere with his wealth. And so he invited Aristotle to teach him how to reconcile abstract justice with concrete plunder.

But Aristotle was interested only in justice. He failed in his mission to divert his friend from the pursuit of riches to the quest for righteousness. He succeeded in marrying Pythias, the niece and adopted daughter of Hermeias. Though he loved the lady for herself, he offered no objection to the handsome dowry she brought. Aristotle was not averse to "a fair measure" of prosperity. Indeed, he regarded it as one of the essentials of a happy life.

He invested his money and spent his honeymoon collecting sea shells for his scientific studies.

After the honeymoon he returned to the court of Hermeias. But his stay was brief. The intrigues of Hermeias had aroused the anger of the Persian king. The Persians invaded his country, took Hermeias prisoner and crucified him.

Once more Aristotle found himself without a country and without a job. But once more a royal friend came to the rescue. This time it was King Philip of Macedon, the son of Amyntas and the father of Alexander. He invited Aristotle to his palace as the tutor of Alexander.

When Aristotle returned to the court in which his father had served as the royal physician he felt "like a fish out of the water." The Macedonian atmosphere at that moment was no fit place for philosophical meditation. It was an atmosphere of inordinate ambition, barbaric splendor and vulgarity.

King Philip was a man of superior intelligence but inferior education. His language bristled with grammatical errors. "I ain't no barbarian," he insisted, and he didn't want his son, either, to be "no barbarian." He wanted Alexander to grow up as a refined philosopher.

Alexander was the untamed cub of a ferocious lion. The entire court was like a jungle of snarling beasts. Quarrels, duels, debaucheries, assassinations – these were the order of the day. Olympias, the wife of King Philip, bordered on insanity, and Philip and Alexander were not far removed from that irrational borderland.

At one of the royal banquets Philip tried to stab Alexander because the boy had insulted him. And Alexander made a murderous assault upon his father.

Such was the turbulent household which Aristotle had been commissioned to soothe with the "sweetness of wisdom." But to no avail. Philip had long entertained a dream of world-wide conquest. He was now engaged in carrying out the first part of this imperialistic dream – the subjugation of the Greek states.

One by one he held out to them a policy of "appeasement," and when the Greek states (like the European states in 1938-40) were lulled into a false sense of security by his insincere promises he

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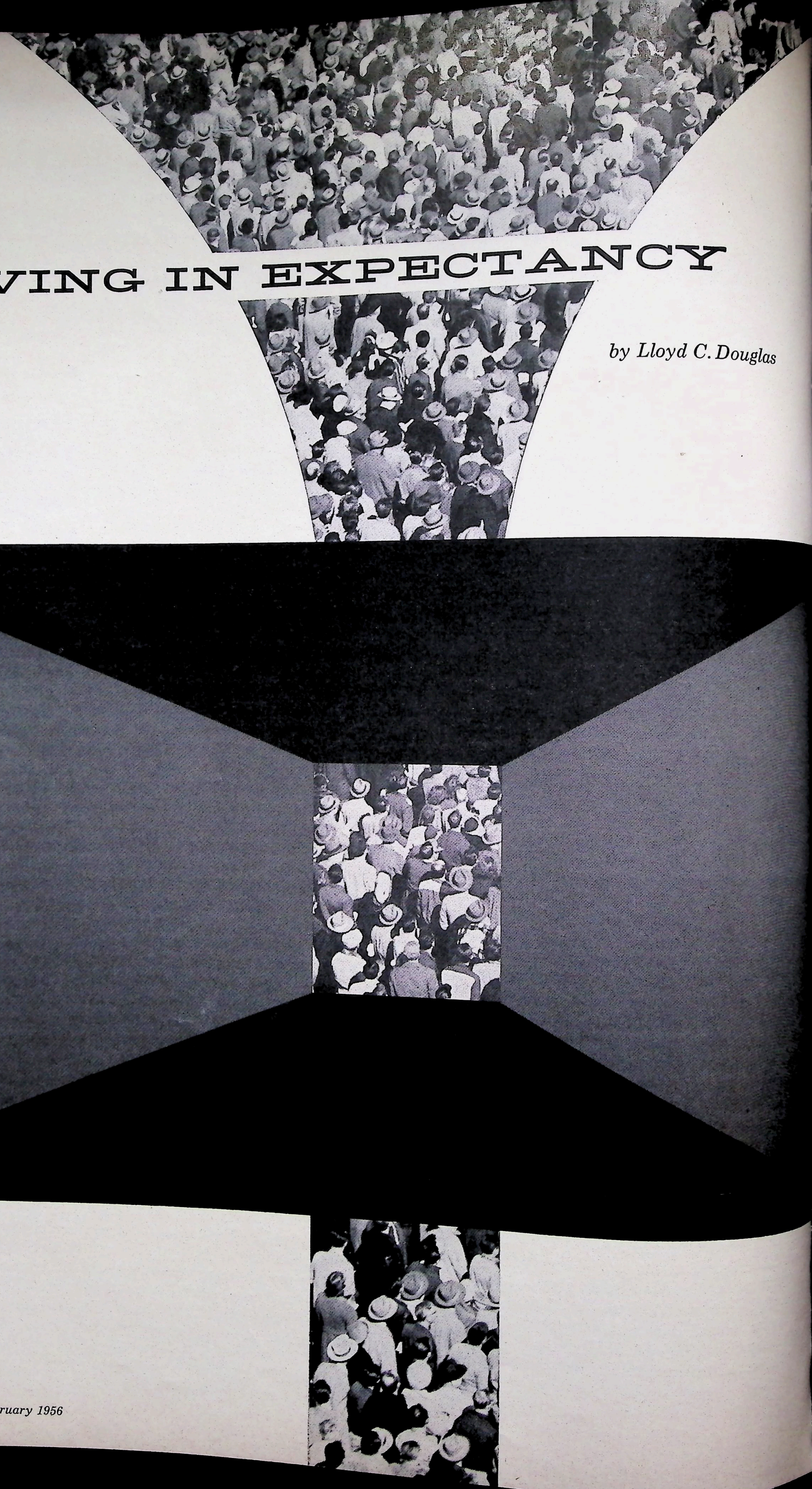


LIVING IN EXPECTANCY

by Lloyd C. Douglas

For many, many people, the significance of life, instead of growing brighter and richer, as their years go by, seems rather to narrow into dull routines and a dumb acceptance of things as they are. For them, the zest of life is gone.

There was a time, in their adolescence, when they did some valiant daydreaming. Here they were, in a big, wonderful world, having just one try at it – one life to live, one course to pursue. For a while, the world was something to be explored – adventured with, savored, enjoyed.

And then, little by little, disillusion came. The dreams faded. The vocation settled to an economic necessity; so much work, for so much pay, to square for the cost of existing. So many hours at so much wages per hour. That was their stake in the work of the world, and the manner of their actual contribution to the world. Gradually the huge orbits of their dreams tightened into restricted little circles, around which they padded along, with heels scraping, like animals in a treadmill; like caged squirrels on a wheel, making excellent mileage but going nowhere.

Now, religion, if it be good for anything in the life of the individual, ought to lift a man out of these deep grooves, and teach him to live *expectantly*. For the man who entertains the hope of a larger life in some future home of the soul, religion should minister with the expectant mood that is on the alert to find more rewarding experiences here.

Religion should aid a man in conserving the radiant hope and zest of his dreaming youth. If ever a man is to be immortal, that immortality can only be established on the fact that he is immortal *now*.

Surely there would be no logic in a belief that this present life we live here gradually wears itself out and fades until there is nothing to it of any interest whatsoever, and then death, and, later, somewhere, somehow, another life, of another kind, with other hopes, dreams, and aspirations. To believe in a future life, on that basis, is a mere speculation with no experience or information to warrant it.

But, to believe that our own life here continues to grow richer and fuller, every day bringing its fresh interests, its new discoveries, its new appreciations, its new evaluations – at length briefly punctuated by one's passing through an eventful turnstile known as death, into even fairer landscapes and greater possessions, and keener enjoyments – to believe that is to illumine life for ourselves, and all who in any way derive their thoughts about life from us.

I promise it could be shown that the hindrances to our living in such expectation are really quite simple when analyzed.

Some people do not live in expectancy because they are asleep. Long ago, they decided – maybe not by a definite mental act of decision, but by gradually accustoming themselves to the idea – that they had got out of life about all there was in it of any interest.

I think it could be proved, by psychological experiment, that a considerable volume of conservative opinion on antique social justice, political necessity, economic ways and means, and religious creedalism is ardently maintained, declaimed for, and not infrequently defended with a zeal worthy of a sprightlier cause, by persons who conscientiously feel that they ought to *think something;* and *stand for* something; but have lost the capacity for absorption or adaptation! They have used their mental brakes so constantly that they have worn them out; and dare not now risk any intellectual bursts of speed but must travel at a snail's gallop.

Asleep and satisfied! To eat three meals per day and spend eight hours in bed, and read the papers in the evening, and start to work in the morning – a little round of humdrum duties. No longer alert, no longer on tiptoe, no longer expectant! But, like jaded old Solomon, saying: "There is nothing new under the sun. The thing that hath been is the thing that shall be."

Some people do not live expectantly because they have practiced caution and conservatism and timidity until the thought of anything new happening to them is disconcerting. There might be a chance of something happening that would be hazardous, or make them temporarily uncomfortable, or break into a rigid network of habits. And because they do not care to take that risk they do not lift their eyes to scan the horizon for new experiences or new phenomena.

The way they have always done things: that is the way to do things. The things they have always thought: those are the things to think. People cannot live expectantly who snuggle down into that manner of smug prudence.

To live expectantly! How full life has become, recently, with the things that minister to the spirit if we really care to single them out and possess them. How rapidly the old hardships and discomforts, which sapped our fathers' and mothers' strength, making them old and bowed with their drudgeries, how rapidly these carking cares have been disappearing.

And now, at one's elbow, interesting tidings of the big, outer world – how other people live, what their national and racial ambitions are. It is only a little while since we knew almost nothing about any manner of life but our own neighborhood. An immigrant was just a man from the Old Country. As a lad, I recall that that was about as far as local information went concerning the hemisphere where our own ancestral background was located. It was the Old Country!

Now the world has suddenly become aware of itself and the mutual interests of its component nations. New bonds are being created daily that unify and synchronize the aims and moods of all men.

How interesting if we, in these strategic times, can live expectantly, mentally on tiptoe, aware of the high importance of being present in the world, and an integral part of the world, at a moment when it is discovering itself, and, as a result of that discovery will be staking off new claims to the real significance of life! In that mood of expectancy, most of the minor troubles pass into complete eclipse.

Most of the troubles of life loom up large because the actual motive that propels us isn't big enough or strong enough to keep its momentum when it encounters a bit of cross current. Many people are enisled with what they have gathered up of thoughts and things, and when any inroad is made on that static supply of thoughts and things, they are instantly impoverished.

They have scrapped all their machinery for creating new thoughts and things and are aware that any loss occurring to this stock of thoughts and things is irreparable. Their old horde of thoughts mildew and ferment and, owing to seasonal changes of the emotional and intellectual climate of their world, this souring mass of ideas becomes unusable.

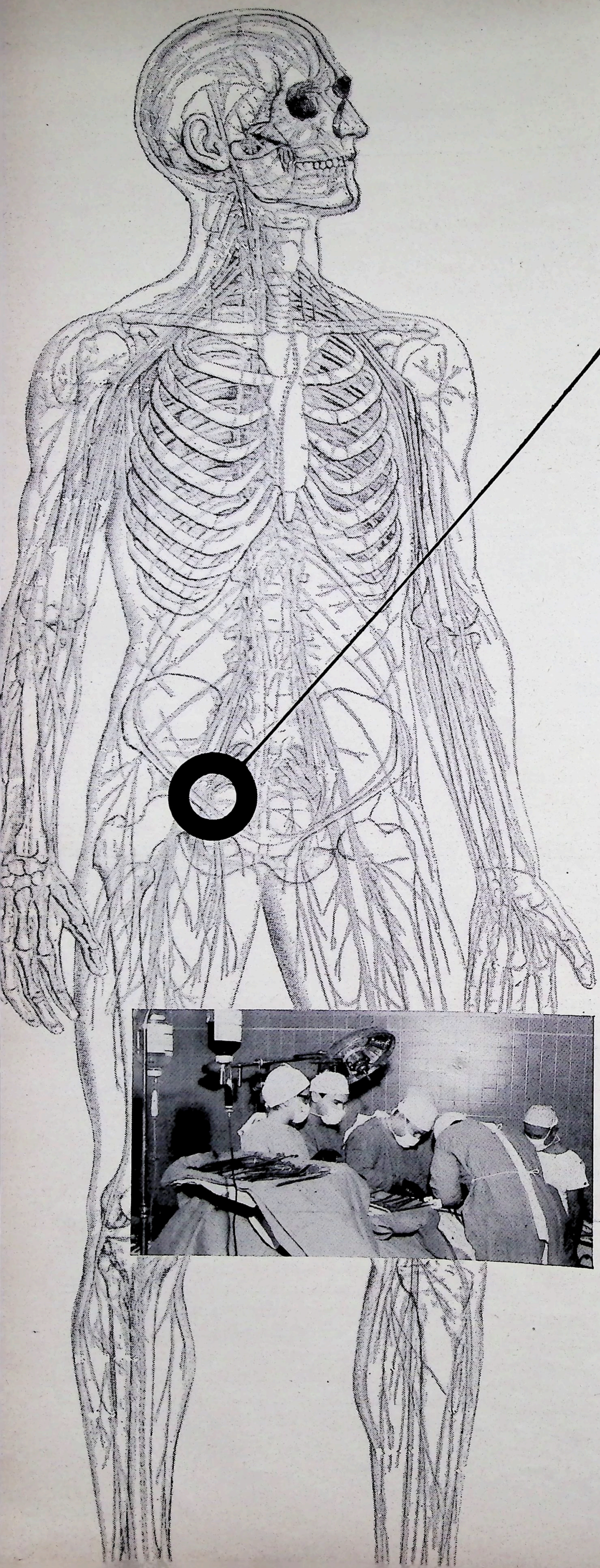
But they can't create any more ideas, for they have ceased to live expectantly. All their treasures are subject to moth, rust, and theft, and if lost, cannot be replaced.

But, living expectantly, eager for new conceptions of life, alert to new tidings of life, awake to new hopes, and dreams and aims of life, the minor annoyances and losses and disappointments cannot have their way with us.

There isn't so very much difference, after all, between the height of stumbling blocks and steppingstones. Whether they are to serve as something to climb up over or fall down over depends upon our own mood as we approach them.

If we've done it all, seen it all, thought all the thoughts we ever propose to have, garnered all the experience we need, then, tripping is pretty serious business. And losses, when one has got past the point of developing any more capital, are very costly indeed.

But, if the evidence is not yet all in, if the work is not yet all done, if life is still full of eagerness, and the lure of adventure and the hope of discovery, the little hindrances and vexations do not matter much. ♦



APPENDICITIS

by Robert T. Morris, M.D.

Removal of the stomach sounds to the layman like a great operation but I do not know of any good surgeon who cannot do it easily. This same surgeon is balked now and then by the difficulties of an appendix operation. There are cases where he may not even try to get one out, but where the tyro tries and the patient dies.

We toss appendicitis death rate statistics aside as being something impersonal. They are not impersonal. You and I simply have not been included among them as yet. It is your own beautiful daughter who is dead. It is your own fine son who is dead. It is your own brother who is dead; your own sister who is dead. It is your beloved mother who is dead; your honored father who is dead. It is your cherished friends who are dead. That's what death rate means!

Think of it that way. Then see what can be done about getting a death rate of 15 per cent in one locality down to a death rate of 2 per cent as it occurs in another locality in the same class of cases.

Find why it is that for every hundred appendicitis operations in one locality there is a loss of a dozen more daughters, sons, brothers, sisters, mothers, fathers and friends than there is in the other.

An occasional death must occur from complications. Now and then a patient with diabetes, uremia, or heart disease fails to carry the burden of the added appendicitis, despite the most expert management.

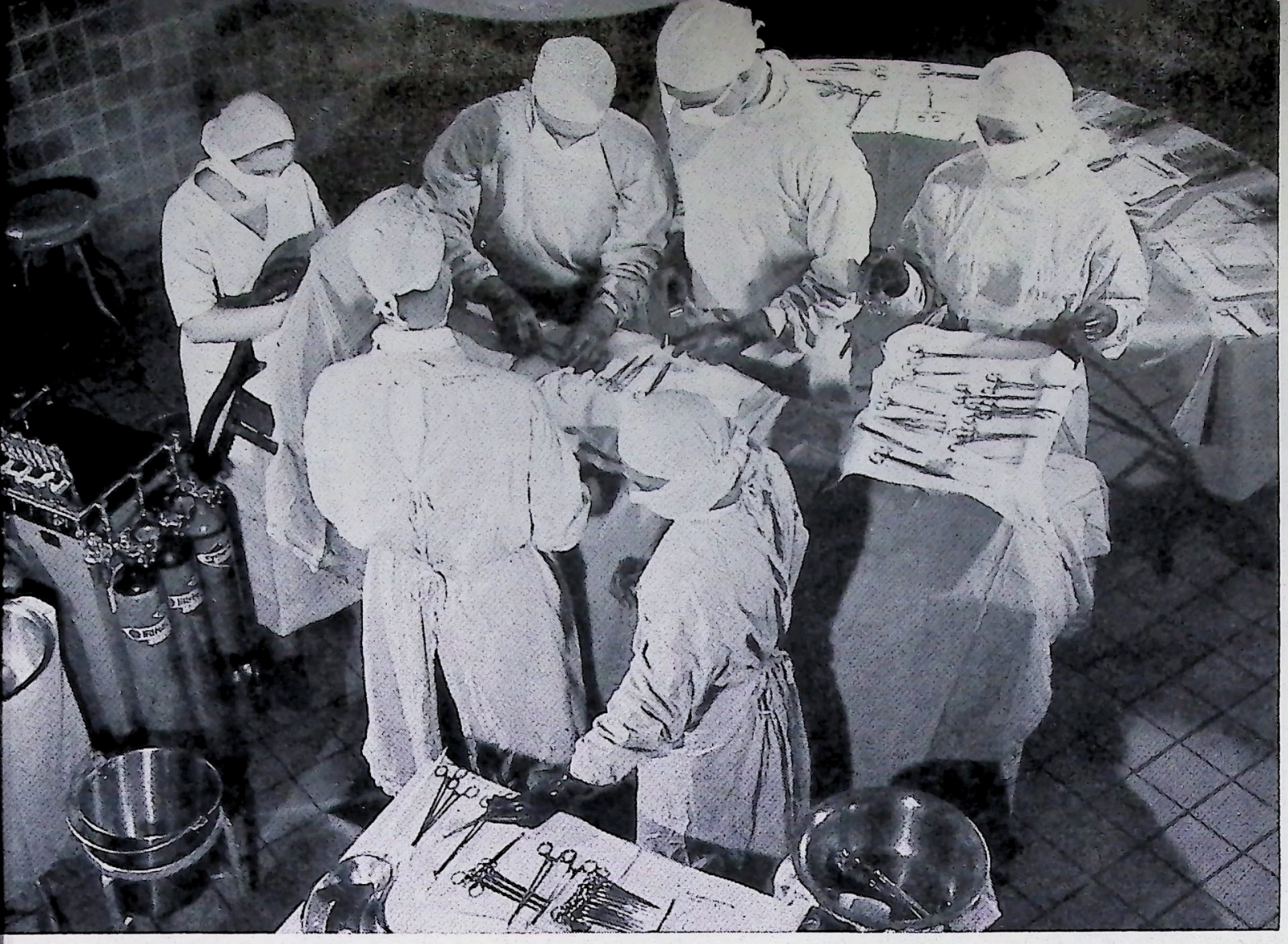
But these are so small a percentage of cases on the whole that many a master-surgeon can keep his death rate rather close to the 2 per cent point in consecutive series of hundreds of cases, all complications included.

Forty years of dealing with appendicitis seem to me to justify a broad, condensed exposition of my knowledge and experience on the subject.

Seven kinds of appendicitis are well defined; two acute, and five chronic. The acute forms are intrinsic infective appendicitis and extrinsic infective appendicitis.

Acute appendicitis becomes dangerous when infection has closed the solitary artery or when swelling of the organ renders internal layers bloodless and hence vulnerable to invasion by microbes. Sometimes the lumen becomes dammed, forming a septic inclusion. In both of the acute forms of appendicitis the area of tenderness on deep pressure occurs at or near the site of the appendix itself, the so-called "McBurney point."

A little chap came over to the office to get me to see his brother one morning. On the way to the house I asked him about the circumstances.



"Last night Louis had a stomach ache and Mama sent for Dr. Jones the first thing this morning. The doctor came over and said that Louis had eaten something that had gone wrong; and he told Mama to give him some castor oil. After the doctor had gone I remembered about appendicitis and pushed on Louis's appendix. When I did that he yelled right out. We called the doctor back and he asked me to go and get you."

For all five kinds of chronic appendicitis there are two essential diagnostic points. Given these, any schoolboy may make the diagnosis as readily as this boy diagnosed the acute type. Decision as to which one of the five is present is not boy's work, however.

A good many patients who turn up in the offices of general practitioners have had the appendix removed and no attention at all given to the rest of the case. This rest of it was the only important part, and therefore removal of the appendix was worse than futile.

Amateur surgeons unfamiliar with the two definite diagnostic signs for chronic appendicitis have advised the employment of long incisions, allowing them to make wide search "for something else" when they found nothing the matter with the appendix.

But, by and large, the majority of operations for chronic appendicitis as they are being done by the thousand today are worthless or harmful.

The appendix like other vestigial structures is deficient in natural physiological defense mechanism and has vulnerable anatomy because of its lonesome terminal artery. This with its smaller blood vessels becomes obstructed in part or in whole in the presence of infection.

It is because the appendix has but one principal artery that it is so vulnerable. The appendix then loses natural protection; when white blood cells cannot reach or leave a region, tissues become vulnerable to almost any sort of microbe that comes along.

Microbes may extend to each other the grace of symbiosis or on the other hand they may enter into a life and death struggle with each other for possession of the unprotected land of milk and honey.

A dominant species of microbe that is present at a time when cultures are made may actually have had very little to do with the inception of the case. It may be riding along merely as saprophytic company, hitch-hiking with other microbes, so to speak.

The lonesome artery of the appendix may even be closed mechanically. When a football player's cecum is knocked out of place for a moment it may fall back and leave the appendix twisted upon itself. It may become doubled up and cramped also in one of the common anatomical defects known as a peritoneal pocket.

Some of the least harmful microbes give off at times a highly offensive odor with their by-products of sulphur compounds or by-products of the indol group. This offensive odor is no more harmful to the patient than is the odor of Limburger, Camembert, Ramadoer or other delicious cheeses. I have seen an operator attack an abdominal cavity with the ferocity of a tiger because he did not like the smell. The patient perished from the effects of post-operative ileus toxins in the upper bowel.

I feel sure that in my early days of work with physicians who did not operate there were fewer deaths from appendicitis on the whole than there are today as a result of refinements belonging to modern experiment—plus incompetent surgery on the part of men who have been handed a license to do as they please.

I would be almost afraid to have appendicitis today; but such was not my feeling twenty years ago. In the days of my first observation of these cases, 50 years ago, they were most often called "inflammation of the bowels" by certain old-time doctors, whose pneumonia cases were "inflammation of the lungs."

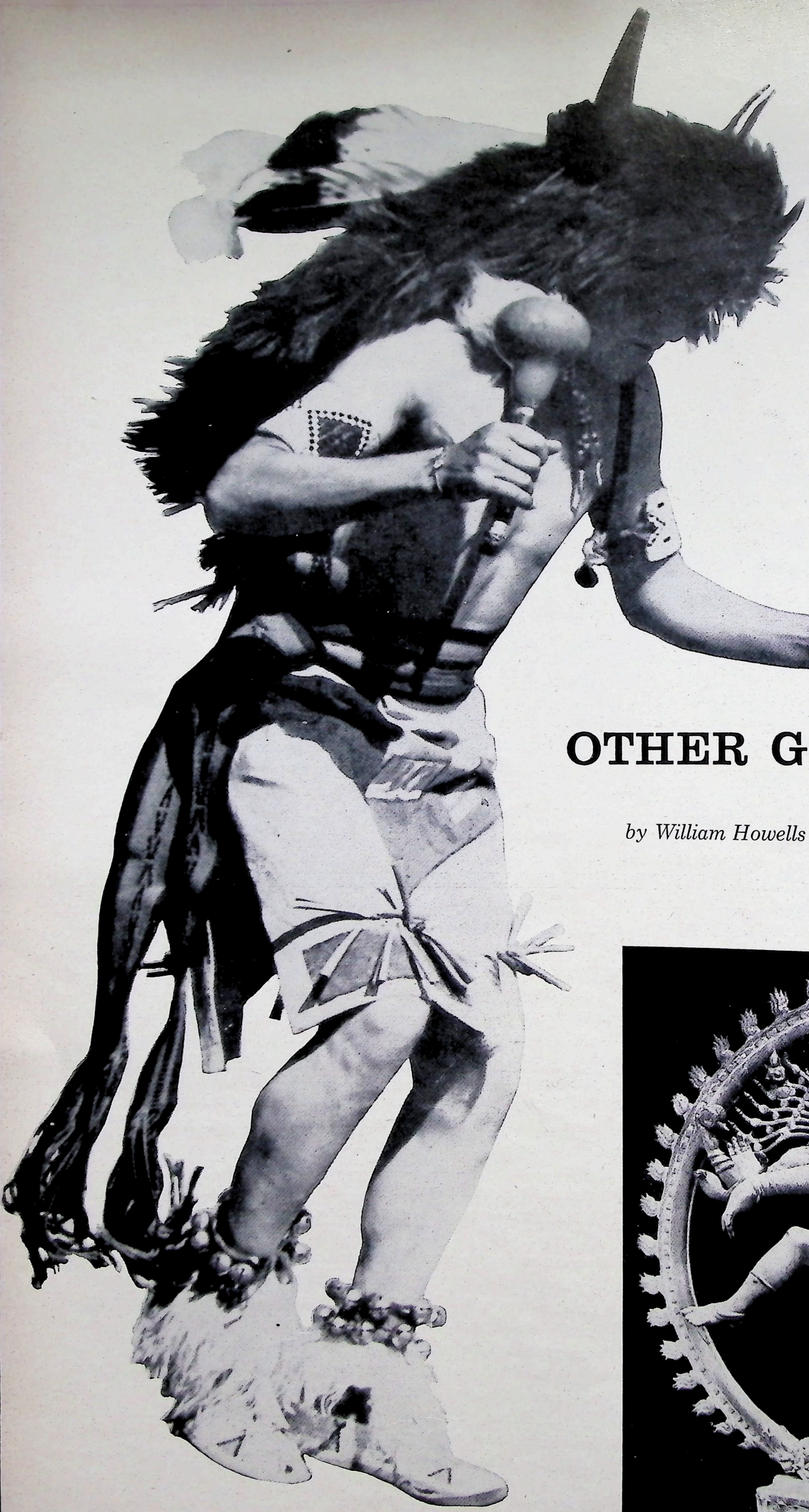
The death rate and morbidity rate in appendicitis treated by master surgeons today becomes almost negligible when compared with the results of the best medical treatment, but master surgeons are not usually in charge.

By morbidity rate I mean the length of time expended in convalescence, and bad results caused by complications like post-operative peritoneal adhesions or post-operative hernia. There is no question about acute appendicitis being a surgical disease.

The question is now: Which surgeon? That's all! ♦

OTHER GODS

by William Howells



Scholars were cocking horn-rimmed spectacles at primitive religion for a long time before they saw much of its real nature. Naive in the beginning, the anthropologists collected curios: along with fetishes, kachina dolls, and the like they brought home stories of bloody funeral rites, or of human sacrifices, or of naughty orgies held on the disarming pretext that they did something good for the crops.

In these days, however, the science of man is less simple. The museums are pretty full and the students are experienced enough now to grasp some of the meaning of what they have found. They have come to see the social and religious practices of an uncivilized people, not as a disorderly set of superstitious habits (which might be straightened out in a hurry by anyone with white skin), but rather as a framework of dovetailing institutions which are clung to for the solid reason that they comfort and strengthen their possessors.

This is as profoundly true of religion as it is of government and law: religious ideas help in the struggle for existence as verily as a bow and arrow or a fish trap. Here we have a point of great importance both in our knowledge of supposedly primitive people and in our understanding of religion itself.

Do you remember the Wild Man of Borneo? The men of Borneo are not really wild. They hunt heads, it is true, but they do it from carefulness, not wildness; it is a social and religious necessity, and they—the tribe which does the hunting, you understand—get a certain good from it. Primitive religion, in spite of appearances, is not a name for childish tumult and bestial abandon. It is careful, thoughtful, purposeful; and it is good medicine.

The Wild Man was put with the freaks in the side show but he might as well have paid his own quarter and looked at the rest of us. American citizens live in an advanced and comfortable nation yet great numbers of them feel insecure and uncertain, either individually or in groups, to the point of bitter unhappiness. By good reports, your chances of being psychotic would be less in many primitive tribes than right where you are surrounded though you may be by sanitation, law, psychiatry, uplifting literature, and good advice on every hand.

Primitive people have long ago put into practical religious forms many things that your countrymen are trying to find for themselves in lectures and books on the good society, or on how to find happiness, or on what is wrong with them. This is not because the Noble Savage is so exceedingly noble; it is just that his religions are meaningful, and we can learn something from them.

Certainly it is not hard to see the significance of religion in the study of mankind generally. There is probably nothing that touches man's interest more acutely and so his religious acts make up a most revealing part of his whole behavior.

Christianity, like the other major world religions, is not a good object for the anthropological study of religion because it is too old and too big. It covers all of Western civilization. It is not a simple, aboriginal, native cult; its dogma and philosophy have come from the hands of 60 generations of the Church's scholars, being added to, purified, generalized, and adapted, until it has gathered together people of every color, speaking every language. (It is of course not the only such religion: Islam has sat in the saddle of history in the Arab world, from westernmost Africa to the Philippines; and Buddhism, Judaism, and Confucianism have had similar natures.)

On the other hand, the tribal cults, from Shinto down to the simplest deferences of the Hottentots, are geared to the life of a single people. They have not been deliberately broadened out. In them it is easier to see the direct springs of religious behavior inside a society without the interposition of great teachers and high ideals or ethics. For they grew up naturally, to satisfy religious necessities; they need no highfalutin philosophy, and ethics are entirely secondary.

Christianity, furthermore, in spite of its towering position in history, is only one religious manifestation, so that to base a study of all religion on Christianity alone would be as unscientific as to write a comparative anatomy of the mammals after dissecting one elephant. For other religious beliefs and conventions are possible, no matter how heathenish, and they actually exist in the uncivilized world in great variety. So, in order to know of what man's religious nature is capable, we must see everything he does in the name of religion, the whole range of his piety from the most benighted to the most enlightened.

There is no special name for primitive religions and churches, but I should be inclined to call them "native cults," meaning that they are indigenous, like plants or animals, and have in most instances grown up among the very tribes they serve. They differ from the higher religions in several ways other than the ones I mentioned.

The great faiths are messianic, being founded on historical figures of great personal force, like Jesus or Mohammed. Secondly, they are strongly ethical. Thirdly, they might be called world religions, because they have a missionary character allied to their messianic one. They see no boundaries, each considering itself the one true creed.

Not so the wide-eyed native cults which are open to any suggestion and will accept any idea that seems appealing or useful, sometimes even if it opposes a prevailing one. And although they may look on the gods of other people as enemies, they are quite willing to recognize their existence.

In order to get at their salient features, I have been generalizing to some extent about native cults—in opposition to what we are most familiar with in religion—and I do not mean to put all these cults on the same plane, by any means. Some aboriginal religions are most unorganized and informal, belonging very much to the people and the individual worshiper, while others approach the great sects in the development of doctrine and ritual, even to reaching the point of feeling that certain popular practices are unorthodox and superstitious.

Compared with the tidier aspect of Christianity, primitive religion looks like a regular junkyard of the supernatural. There is now another aspect, however, to understand about native cults. This is the fact of their perfect legitimacy. It is quite true that we know their gods do not exist and their magic is hollow but the usefulness of religious belief has no relation to its accuracy or absurdity in physics, geology, or astronomy.

Primitive devotees are not people of another planet but are essentially exactly like us and are engaged with precisely the same kind of religious appetite as the civilized. And that appetite is fed and stilled by their own religions. It is why we are taking those religions seriously. They are not toys. They are what we might be doing ourselves; and they are what most of our ancestors were indeed doing 2000 years ago today.

Look at your new-born babe. What is his religion? Let us borrow the Tarzan motif and imagine a group of American babies somehow growing up in the wild to fend for themselves. Is there any reason to think that they might mature with a better grasp of the world around them, or a finer, more moral set of religious ideas, than a similarly abandoned batch of little Crows, Crees, or Krus?

No there would be nothing whatever to tell them that the sun is not a god and does not go around the earth. Look now at the practitioners of heathenism: Eskimos, Apaches, Basutos, Yaghans, Botocudos, Dravidians, Igorots, Truk Islanders. Our brains and theirs have the same structure, are fed by the same amount and kind of blood, are conditioned by the same hormones and titillated by the same senses; that is all well known, and nothing in their performance has ever been discovered to point the contrary.

I mean that it is nothing but pompous preening if we ourselves, as individuals, as Christians, or as Occidentals, take any special credit for the great civilization, system of knowledge, and religion which have gradually accumulated in 30 or 40 centuries on the continent of Europe and in the Near East.

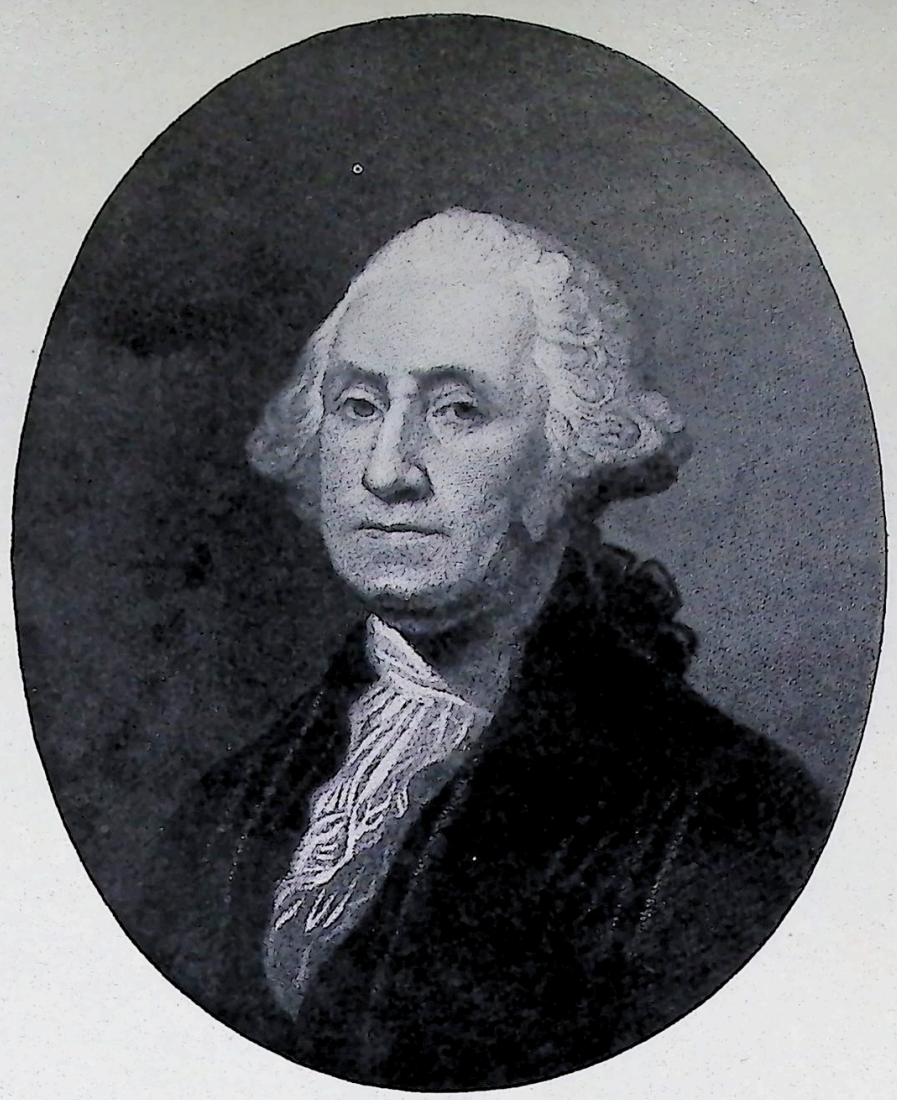
I do not mean, certainly, that we should not take immense pride in it and be endlessly loyal to it. I only mean that we are lucky. It is evident from ancient European skeletons that, physically and mentally, we have not changed essentially in perhaps 50,000 to a 100,000 years and yet it is only 3000 or 4000 since the mushrooming of knowledge and commerce shoved the Occident ahead of the rest of mankind.

This has been the result of fortunate historical and geographical incidents. If we (the European Whites) could provide the mental soil for that tremendous growth, then so might other races have done the same thing in the same place; for they have readily partaken of it when they received it, sometimes absorbing it with unnerving speed, as did the Japanese.

A sifting of our knowledge of living primitives – the only knowledge safe to use – has shown two things: that there is hardly a limit to what the human mind can fancy but also that there are certain typical forms in religion, certain particular notions, which the mind seems to find especially interesting and important; high points in the mental landscape to which attention turns again and again, or perhaps channels into which the imagination easily slips and runs.

Everywhere people believe in souls, for example, and in magic, and generally in certain other things like witches. These ideas, probably old and seemingly as natural and universal as speech itself, cannot be meaningless and haphazard. Only when civilization has made possible the appreciation of higher religions do these simpler cults appear to us as delusions, and it is easy, in our skepticism, to underestimate them.

My point is this: a savage tribe searching for an earthly salvation in its own religious resources usually finds it; poor people are not necessarily unhappy, and neither are rain makers and ancestor worshipers. ♦



George Washington AS I KNEW HIM

by Thomas Jefferson

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and, as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion.

Hence the common remark of his officers of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged in the course of action—if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in readjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station.

He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence; never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw doubt; but when once decided going through with his purpose, whatever obstacle interposed.

His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word a wise, a good, and a great man.

His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.

In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it.

Although, in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called upon for a sudden effort, he was unready, short and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world; for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he later added surveying.

His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure time within doors.

On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect; in nothing bad; in few points indifferent; and it may be truly said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance.

For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and its principles, until it had settled down into an orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example. ♦

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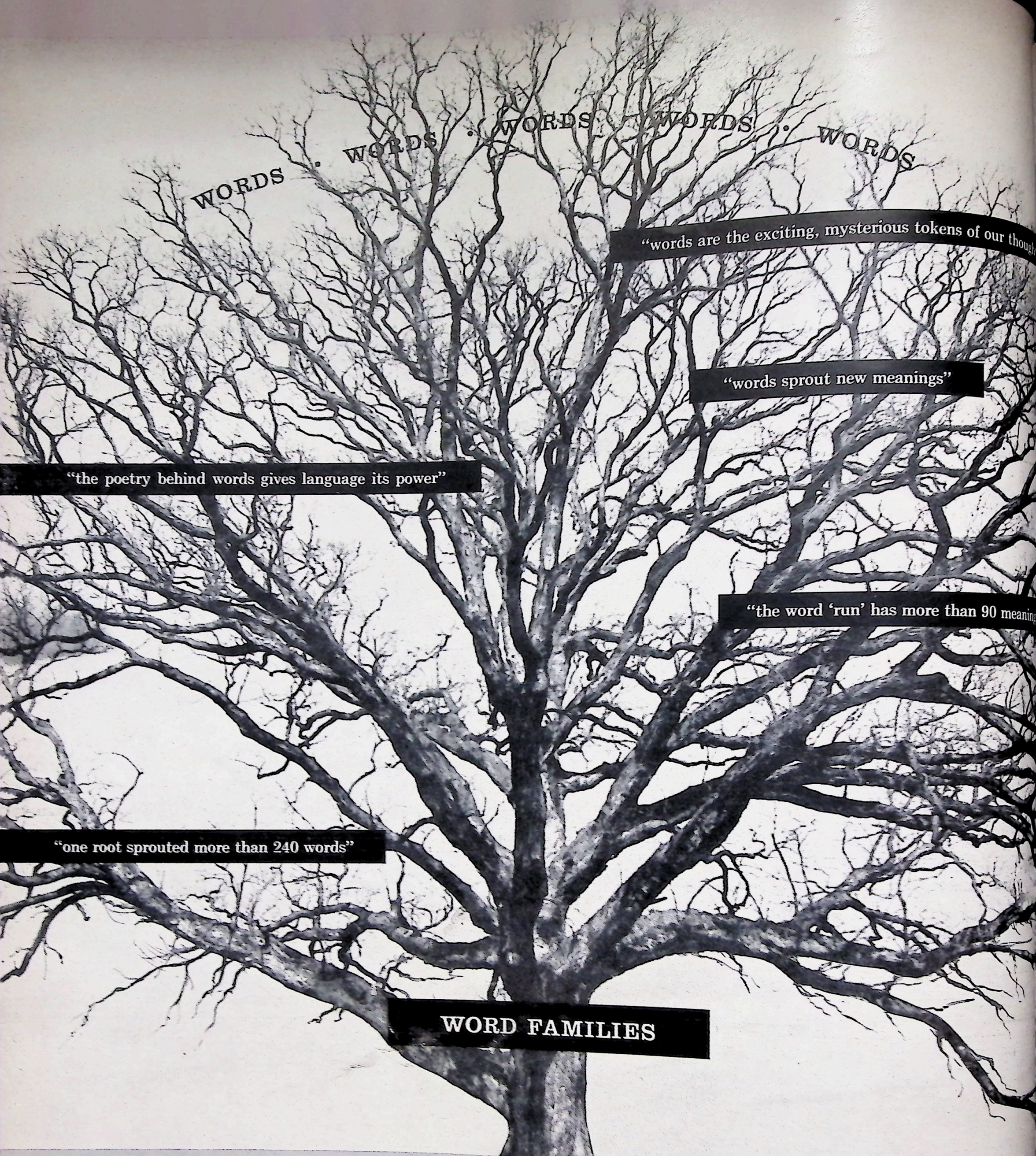

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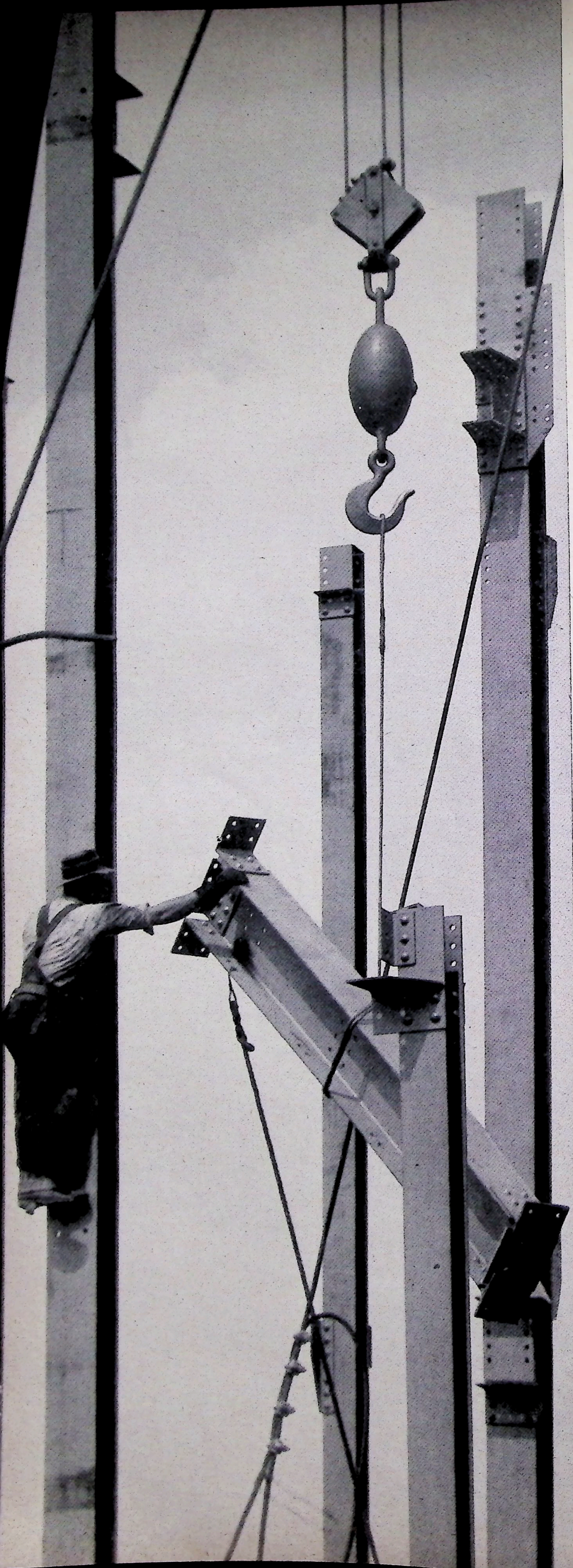
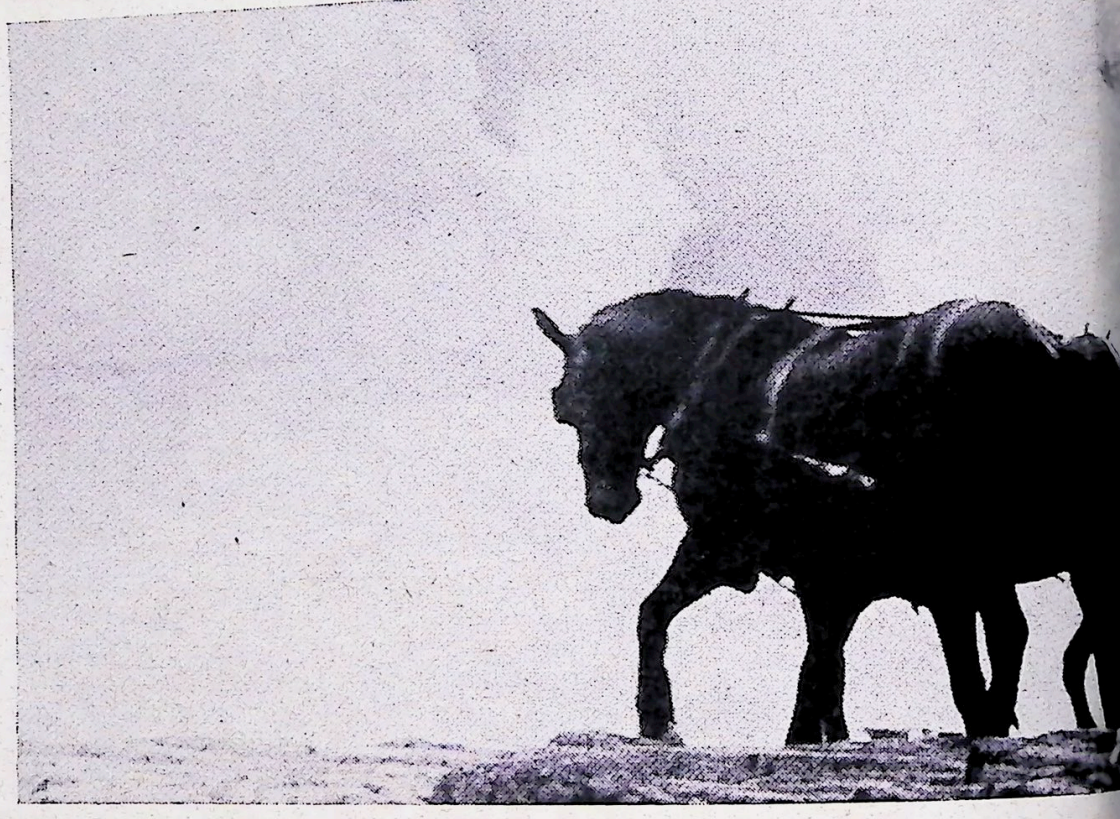


civilization is an interlude

by Will Durant



Civilization is social order promoting cultural creation. Four elements constitute it: economic provision, political organization, moral traditions and the pursuit of knowledge and the arts. It begins where chaos and insecurity end. For when fear is overcome, curiosity and constructiveness are free and man passes by natural impulse towards the understanding and embellishment of life.

Certain factors condition civilization, and may encourage or impede it. First, geological conditions. Civilization is an interlude between ice ages: at any time the current of glaciation may rise again, cover with ice and stone the works of man and reduce life to some narrow segment of the earth. Or the demon of earthquake, by whose leave we build our cities, may shrug his shoulders and consume us indifferently.

Second, geographical conditions. The heat of the tropics, and the innumerable parasites that infest them, are hostile to civilization. Lethargy and disease, and a precocious maturity and decay, divert the energies from those inessentials of life that make civilization and absorb them in hunger and reproduction. Nothing is left for the play of the arts and the mind.

Rain is necessary, for water is the medium of life, more important even than the light of the sun. The unintelligible whim of the elements may condemn to desiccation regions that once flourished with empire and industry, like Nineveh or Babylon, or may hel

to swift strength and wealth cities apparently off the main line of transport and communication, like those of Great Britain or Puget Sound.

If the soil is fertile in food or minerals, if rivers offer an easy avenue of exchange, if the coastline is indented with natural harbors for a commercial fleet, if, above all, a nation lies on the highroad of the world's trade, like Athens or Carthage, Florence or Venice – then geography, though it can never create it, smiles upon civilization, and nourishes it.

Economic conditions are more important. A people may possess ordered institutions, a lofty moral code, and even a flair for the minor forms of art, like the American Indians, and yet if it remains in the hunting stage, if it depends for its existence upon the precarious fortunes of the chase, it will never quite pass from barbarism to civilization.

The first form of culture is agriculture. It is when man settles down to till the soil and lay up provisions for the uncertain future that he finds time and reason to be civilized.

Within that little circle of security – a reliable supply of water and food – he builds his huts, his temples and his schools. He invents productive tools and domesticates the dog, the ass, the pig, at last himself.

He learns to work with regularity and order, maintains a longer tenure of life, and transmits more completely than before the mental and moral heritage of his race.

Culture suggests agriculture, but civilization suggests the city. In one aspect civilization is the habit of civility, and civility is the refinement which townsmen, who made the word, thought possible only in the *civitas* or city.

For in the city are gathered, rightly or wrongly, the wealth and brains produced in the countryside. In the city invention and industry multiply comforts, luxuries and leisure. In the city traders meet, and barter goods and ideas. In that cross-fertilization of minds at the crossroads of trade, intelligence is sharpened and stimulated to creative power.

In the city some men are set aside from the making of material things, and produce science and philosophy, literature and art. Civilization begins in the peasant's hut but it comes to flower only in the towns.

There are no racial conditions to civilization. It may appear on any continent and in any color: at Pekin or Delhi, at Memphis or Babylon, at Ravenna or London, in Peru or Yucatan. It is not the great race that makes the civilization. It is the great civilization that makes the people. Circumstances geographical and economic create a culture and the culture creates a type.

Given like material conditions and another race would beget like results. Japan reproduces in the 20th century the history of England in the 19th. Civilization is related to race only in the sense that it is often preceded by the slow intermarriage of different stocks, and their gradual assimilation into a relatively homogeneous people.

These physical and biological conditions are only prerequisites to civilization. They do not constitute or generate it. Subtle psychological factors must enter into play. There must be political order, even if it be so near to chaos as in Renaissance Florence or Rome. Men must feel, by and large, that they need not look for death and taxes at every turn. There must be some unity of language to serve as a medium of mental exchange.

Through church, or family, or school, or otherwise, there must be a unifying moral code, some rules of the game of life acknowledged even by those who violate them and giving to conduct some order and regularity, some direction and stimulus.

Perhaps there must also be some unity of basic belief, some faith, supernatural or utopian, that lifts morality from calculation to devotion, and gives life nobility and significance despite our mortal brevity.

And finally there must be education – some technique, however primitive, for the transmission of culture. Whether through imitation or instruction, whether through father or mother, teacher or priest, the lore and heritage of the tribe – its language and knowledge, its morals and manners, its technology and arts – must be handed down to the young, as the very instrument through which they are turned from animals into men.

The disappearance of these conditions – sometimes of even one of them – may destroy a civilization. For civilization is not something inborn or imperishable. It must be acquired anew by every generation and any serious interruption in its financing or its transmission may bring it to an end. Man differs from the beast only by education, which may be defined as the technique of transmitting civilization.

Civilizations are the generations of the racial soul. As family-rearing, and then writing, bound the generations together, handing down the lore of the dying to the young, so print and commerce and a thousand ways of communication may bind the civilizations together and preserve for future cultures all that is of value for them in our own.

Let us, before we die, gather up our heritage, and offer it to our children. ♦

Professor in the White House

by Alfred Pearce Dennis

What I am trying to present is a picturization of a tiny segment of the great sphere of a great man's life. I knew him well during the first four years of his teaching work at Princeton. Not being satisfied with two elective courses under him in my senior year, I returned for three years of postgraduate work, taking every course which Professor Wilson offered during his teaching days at Princeton.

Professor Wilson came to Princeton from Wesleyan University in the autumn of 1890 to fill the chair of jurisprudence and political economy. As a young Titan in the educational world, he made a great stir from the start. His political writings – notably *Congressional Government* and *The State*, the one a masterful dissection of our public-law system, the other a review of the morphology of our own state system and those of Europe – brought him wide public recognition. We expected great things of him, and our hopes were not disappointed when we gathered in Dickinson Hall for the first lecture of his first course.

At the age of 34 he was a man you would turn twice to look at in a crowd and he became distinguished and patrician-looking as he grew older. He knew the arts of pleasing – particularly mass pleasing. I should rather have looked like Wilson than any matinee idol of his generation. His lean spareness of figure conveyed the impression of dominating height as he stood on the lecture platform, an impression which was lost, of course, with later-day accretions of flesh.

Professor Wilson habitually stood during his lectures. Speaking from a mere skeleton of notes, he hammered in his teachings with an up-and-down, full-armed gesture. He gestured as if operating the handle of a spray pump. He was there to spray students with a shower of knowledge, his superior mind acting downward upon the mass – a Scotch Covenanter bent upon describing how man acts politically, hammering information into reluctant minds. He was essentially the lecturer rather than the teacher, nor were his lectures as helpful as the books, such as Bagehot and Dicey, from which his own inspirations were drawn. Having sprayed his audience, Professor Wilson little recked whether inoculations of knowledge took or not.

Professor Wilson could not bear to be crossed and his dignity was quick to resent restlessness, inattention, or the least sign of disorder in his classroom. He conducted his classes with an air of imperiousness, suggesting the grand manner just as his writings carry the suggestion of the grand style. He clearly imitated Burke – a master in the use of the grand style.

A whispered conversation in the back benches would instantly stiffen him into the grim, magisterial defender of his own dignity. His stock rebuke, uttered with Olympian superiority, was: "Gentlemen, try to remember that you are supposed to be gentlemen."

Professor Wilson, habituated at home to ease, to softness, to amiable compliances, never got to understand how people can be rude, thoughtless, uncomprehending, non-cooperative. If he had been blessed with a headstrong if not troublesome son he would have better known how to be patient under the irritations of jarring, difficult, cantankerous souls.

He cared little for the affection or companionship of men. He never could have been a clubman or risen to phantom dignity as a Serene Potentate in a fraternal lodge. In the classroom he was a theorist rather than idealist. He had no concrete plan to make for augmenting human happiness – indeed, he ignored the element of individual happiness – but he had principles to apply, and these principles, though agreeable to the auditory nerve, were on analysis difficult of practical application.

Later the world came to know of him through the enunciation of felicitous phrases which were flattering to the human heart but contradictory to the human understanding: "Making the world safe for democracy"; "Open covenants openly arrived at"; "The heart of the world is awake and the heart of the world needs to be satisfied"; "Self-determination" for the divers swarming peoples that dwell upon the surface of this planet. Professor Wilson could always find in convenient doctrines a refuge from inconvenient facts. He had a striking talent, too, for definitions which inadequately defined a subject by over-defining it.

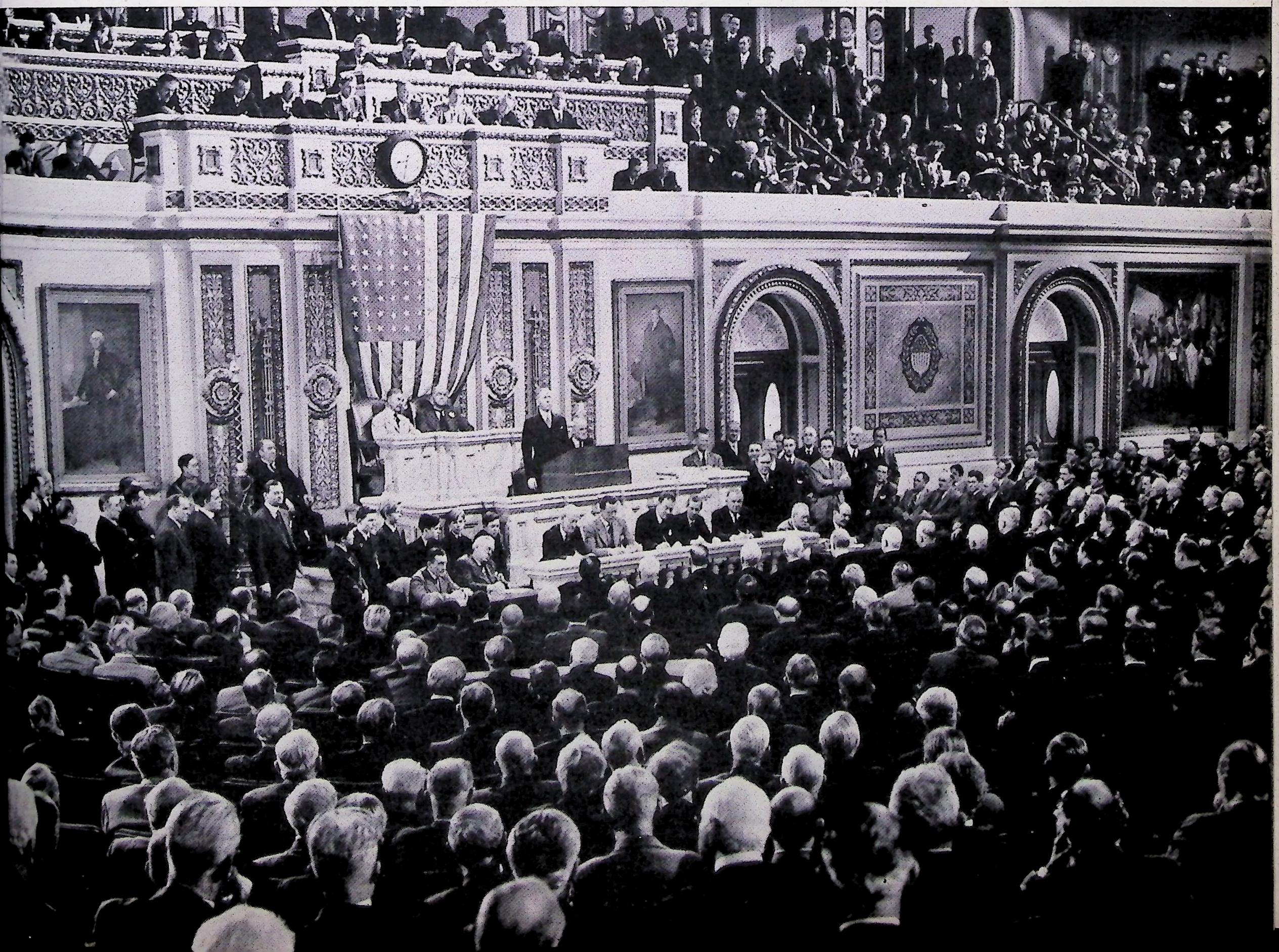
He defines the Federal State as composed of "self-originated,

self-constituted, self-competent, self-sustaining, veritable communities." Almost any intelligent man with a feeling for the concrete would find something lacking in this definition. The concept of sovereignty, by the way, was one of his pet topics of discussion.

Professor Wilson, like other scholars with a taste for history, was strong on the genetics of the state. He would theorize both backward and forward, taking us backward to the uttermost limbo of the known facts of human group life on this planet and beyond that into the fields of pure speculation or, again, on an ascending scale, he would carry his speculations about the state into the rarefied air of German metaphysics. He recoiled before the concrete.

We received, however, from Professor Wilson things that are more valuable than practical profit. He had an affection for certain words, and one of his blessed and overworked words was "fountain." He himself was a fountain—a fountain of inspiration. The best thing which many of us received from Princeton was not information but inspiration. So it was that Professor Wilson opened the doors of an ampler life to us. It was the inspiration of his personality rather than what he taught that caused our hearts to burn within us while he talked with us by the way. His was precisely the type of scholarship which would have won me to the man.

Forty years ago this country was swept by a craze for the German type of dry-as-dust scholarship. It was about the time that kiln-dried historical students were toppling Macaulay from his pedestal and enthroning the dreary and meticulous Stubbs in his stead. Let us



be thankful that, according to the precepts of the day, Professor Wilson did not undertake an analysis of the functions of the Carlovingian Mayors of the Palace or delve into the genealogies of the Hittite kings.

The powerful mind of Professor Wilson transmuted baser elements into golden inspirations and made his culture accessible to the multitude above whom he towered. Professor Wilson was not born to be a Gradgrind scholar. He was essentially a man of humane letters and that was the self that he consciously set before himself to be realized. He spoke to be heard, he wrote to be read. He schooled himself in the arts of persuasion.

His scholarly passion was not horizontal, pushing to the far periphery of the known in seeking to lift the veil which divides it from the infinite spaces of the unknown. His passion was vertical. He would tread the dominating heights. This passion for dominion goaded him to the end—hastened the end.

"You may write a chronicle," he tells us, "but you will not serve yourself thereby. You will only serve some fellow who will come after you, possessing what you did not have—an ear for the words you could not hit upon; an eye for the colors you could not see; a hand for the strokes you missed."

Professor Wilson's genius for the spoken and written word was a genius that consisted in infinite capacity for taking pains. He labored for a distinguished literary style as a man labors to become an opera singer. That he might become a lord of language, he served, he slaved, he obeyed. Becoming an artist in the use of words, the more artistry he put into his craft, the more individual his style. His writings and public addresses are full of character. They grew more Wilsonian with the years.

He was sparing with polysyllables and did not employ a word of Greek or Latin lineage if he could lay hold of a pure English synonym for it. His literary training is English, just as his training in jurisprudence is English. He rarely made a direct quotation, labeling it as such, but he continually used the language and pet ideas of admired authors.

Professor Wilson's gift of expression in the formative period of his educational work was of the art that conceals art. He came to possess words, later words came to possess him. Having mastered ideas, ideas came to master him.

He talked endlessly of democracy, as one would talk of honesty or virtue in the abstract. From the social angle, Mr. Wilson was never a democrat at all. By birth, training, environment, personal preference, he was an aristocrat. He was of Scotch Covenanter lineage, and was prone, in his combative moods, to proclaim that he was of fighting stock. Some of us came to know that the price of Professor Wilson's friendship was subservience. To mix with underbred, sweaty, garlic-smelling inferiors was always unpleasant to him. The laborers about the university grounds instinctively disliked him. They resented, if they had been able to put their resentment in words, his superior bearing. But of democracy in the abstract Professor Wilson could not have enough.

Early disciples, such as myself, followed Professor Wilson's rise to fame with pride and exultation, but of necessity we followed him afar off. What seemed at first but a frail and impalpable barrier—his displeasure over some small matter—really proved to be a wall of adamant against which one might beat one's life in vain. Of all the duties, rights, proprieties and obligations of life, Professor Wilson had his unalterable code. He interpreted nonconformity as a species of treason. The essence of treason is giving aid and comfort to the enemy. His brain rather than his heart governed him in estimates of human conduct.

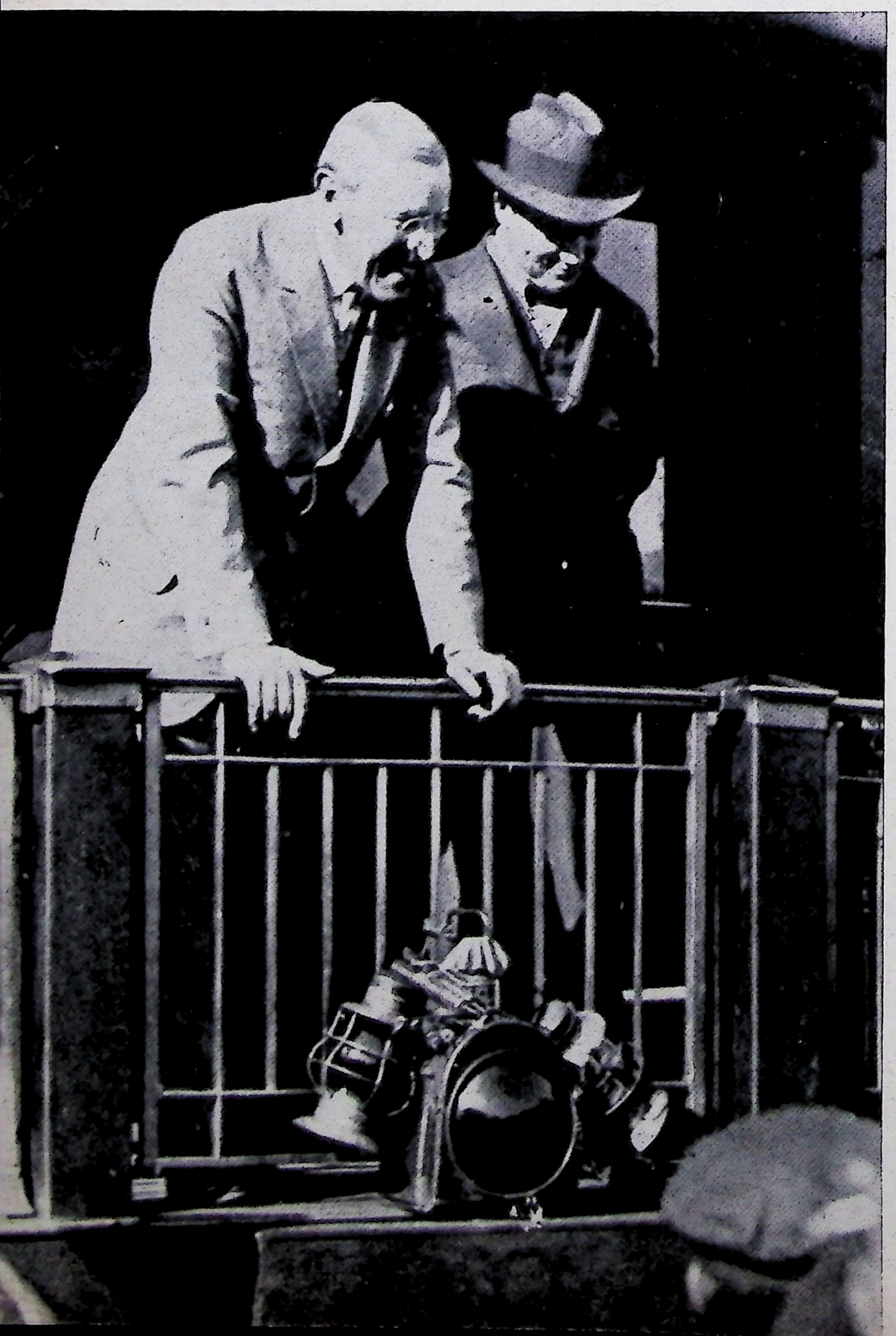
Deficient in sympathy himself, he was hurt and worn down in the end by the inevitable misunderstandings, frustrations and unfairness of minds that possessed the same unyielding, non-cooperative qualities as his own.

Wilson had helped to form me back in those university days in Princeton. In that narrow life of a small world, he had been an inspiring influence. Now, in the great life of the huge world, he had become a mighty influence. He who taught the principles of political sovereignty in the fetid atmosphere of a Dickinson Hall classroom had now become sovereign lawgiver in his own right for the world.

Some years later, for the last time, I was brought within physical nearness to my old Princeton professor. Mr. Hoover had called me back to Washington to serve him, and I was living within a few blocks of Mr. Wilson's home on "S" Street. For days he lay dying, with weeping men and women on their knees, silently praying, in the hushed street.

"Alas, alas," cried the dying pagan warrior, "what is this thing stronger than the strength of kings that pulls down the mightiest of warriors!"

Is there a further chapter in the amazing career of the man? What lies behind the mysterious veil that shrouds the state of the dead from that of the living? What of permanency in this shadowy world stretching out into thousands of years will survive his transient earthly endeavors? What will ultimately be salvaged from the wreck that is the doom of all human deeds? One wonders. ♦



ON FRIENDSHIP

by Marcus Tullius Cicero

The right course is to choose for a friend one who is frank, sociable and sympathetic—that is, one who is likely to be influenced by the same motives as yourself—since all these qualities induce to loyalty. It is impossible for a man to be loyal whose nature is full of twists and twinings. And, indeed, one who is untouched by the same influences as yourself and is naturally unsympathetic cannot be loyal.

Since happiness is our best and highest aim we must, if we would attain it, give our attention to virtue, without which we can obtain neither friendship nor any other desirable thing. On the other hand, those who slight virtue and yet think that they have friends perceive their mistake at last when some grievous misfortune causes them to put their friends to the test.

Virtue both creates the bond of friendship and preserves it. For in virtue is complete harmony, in her is permanence, in her is fidelity. And when she has raised her head and shown her own light, and recognized the same light in another, she moves toward it and in turn receives its beams. As a result friendship leaps into flame.

We must despair of the safety of the man whose ears are so closed to truth that he cannot hear what is true from a friend. For there is shrewdness in that well-known saying of Cato: "Some men are better served by their bitter-tongued enemies than by their sweet-smiling friends; because the former often tell the truth; the latter, never."

New friendships are not to be scorned if they offer hope of bearing fruit, like green shoots of corn that do not disappoint us at harvest time. Yet the old friendships must preserve their own place, for the force of age and habit is very great.

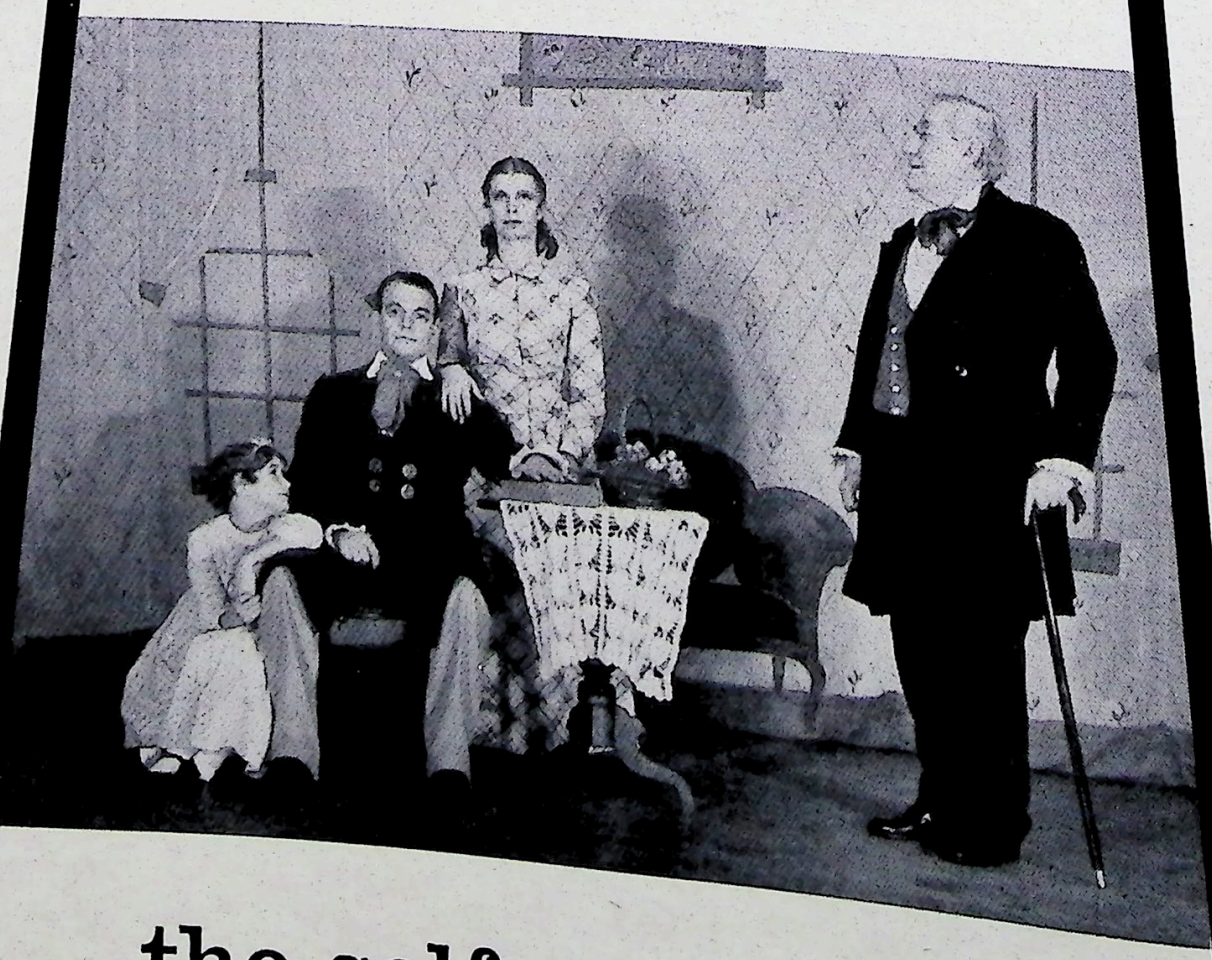
In the intimacy existing between friends and relatives the superior should put himself on a level with his inferior, so the latter ought not to grieve that he is surpassed by the former in intellect, fortune or position. Even if you could bestow upon another any honor you chose, yet you must consider what he is able to bear.

We must be ever on the search for some persons whom we shall love and who will love us in return. If good will and affection are taken away, every joy is taken from life. ♦

HORATIO ALGER'S GOLDEN LADDER

Strive and Succeed, the world's temptations flee
Be Brave and Bold, and Strong and Steady be
Go Slow and Sure, and prosper then you must
With Fame and Fortune, while you Try and Trust.

—Horatio Alger



the self-made man

by Marshall W. Fishwick

I am a sturdy lad. I know I can climb the golden ladder with only my talents and talons to sustain me. Nothing can stop me, because I have both pluck and luck. True enough, my father has been killed and my dear mother takes in washing. As an honorable son I sell papers. Neighborhood bullies pick on me, but there's always a cheery gleam (not fostered by beer, you may be sure) in my blackened eyes when mother washes them. I know there is always room on top.

I could seek better prospects, but being a sturdy lad, I cannot desert my ailing mother. Then the tide turns. One day I find a wallet which a Rich Man has dropped. Shall I keep the money and buy mother much-needed medicine? No. Innate honesty makes me take it to the Rich Man's house. The door is opened by his lovely blue-eyed daughter, an imperial young lady. My clean but ragged clothes bring a sneer to her thoroughbred lips, but I know she is Good Beneath and does not understand me. Hence I love her from that moment forward – though she is Far Above me.

As I back away from the house (she must not see the patch on the seat of my pants) her father comes in. His face lights with joy as he sees the wallet. The grin broadens as he counts the money and finds it all there. "You will be rewarded, young man," he says. "Come by my office and you shall have a job." Young Venus thaws a bit at this. With reluctance but determination I reply, nobly, "You are kind, Sir, but Ma's alone, sick and she needs me."

But she does not need me for long. Her gallant heart gives out over the scrubbing board and she goes to her reward, knowing I have been tried and true. With her last gasp she tells me to take Rich Man's job. I do. As his office boy I carry papers, trim pencils and yearn for the alabaster daughter.

I move quickly up the ladder. My chief competitor is a flabby, mustached young man of Social Position. He wants not only the junior partnership. He wants the white goddess. So I watch him closely and discover (by pluck and luck) that he's a secret swindler. At the climax of the affair he resists, but in vain. (I live clean and he smokes.) I get the promotion and the girl.

She is something of a prig and a bore, but then I am as priggish as she. Our children are really brought by the stork. I inherit the Rich Man's job. We live Happily Ever After.

This, briefly, is the slightly burlesqued saga of one of the most persistent American heroes, the self-made man. His hold on the American mind has been amazing. Time has transformed but not destroyed his rugged image. Detractors have ridiculed him in vain. He still shouts "Invictus," clutches his Horatio Alger novel to his breast and plunges into the open market place. He is, and has long been, the nation's beau *idéal*. No hero has a more realistic grip on glory. It can be checked by a certified public accountant.

The heroic self-made man is not exclusively American. Yet the riser has strutted so long and so effectively on the American scene that most Americans consider him as indigenous as maize, tobacco and juke boxes. No one man is the prototype. Thousands of Americans have varied the pattern according to their own needs and opportunities.

Nor is the self-made man's viewpoint static. Before the Revolution he was mainly religious. With the rise of militant democracy the orientation became political – witness Benjamin Franklin and Andrew Jackson. Middle America and post-Civil War America rallied behind the sign of the dollar and economics became the area in which the self-made man excelled. In that golden day, many admirers publicized him, notably Horatio Alger, Jr. (1832-1899).

Alger's own story is more intriguing than most of his heroes' and reveals more about American life. Born of old Yankee stock in Massachusetts, Horatio was the first son of a stern Unitarian minister who was a walking blue law. His son became known at Gates Academy and Harvard College as "Holy Horatio." Indignantly Horatio changed his Harvard lodgings when his landlady appeared in her negligee. "I might have seen her bare, but I did not look," he wrote.

Confused and unhappy, he persuaded his parents to let him journey to Paris, where he learned things which the Unitarians had never stressed. He looked. His Paris diary contains two lines more worthy of immortality than any others in the Alger canon: "I was a fool to have waited so long. It is not nearly so vile as I had thought."

Back home he reformed and became a Unitarian minister. It was an impossible situation. In 1866 he moved to New York to launch his literary career, writing juveniles for William Adams ("Oliver Optic"). His pose was plainly Byronic. Since there were no Alps close at hand, he took refuge in the stormy metropolis instead. Political biographies being in demand, he turned out three with titles-of-the-times: *Webster: From Farm Boy to Senator*, *Lincoln: The Backwoods Boy* and *Garfield: From Canal Boy to President.* He finished the last of the three in thirteen days, to get it to the publisher before Garfield died.

(continued on page 79)

JAPANESE are like that...

by Ichiro Kawasaki

When a Japanese is asked "Is it hot?" he replies, "Yes, it is hot." When asked "Is it not hot?" he invariably replies, "Yes, it is not." It takes some time for a foreigner to get used to this apparently baffling mentality of the Japanese. In fact, it is better not to ask a Japanese a question in the negative, for he will answer "yes" irrespective of whether the question is in the affirmative or the negative.

We write from right to left and usually from the top of the page to the bottom. Japanese books end where Western ones begin, and footnotes are printed at the top of the page.

From the point of view of a Westerner, almost everything the Japanese do is topsy-turvy. When beckoning you to come they wave their hand toward you palm out. When counting on their fingers they first stretch out all their fingers and then bend them down, one by one beginning with the thumb. When all the fingers are down at five, they turn up the little finger for six and go on from there.

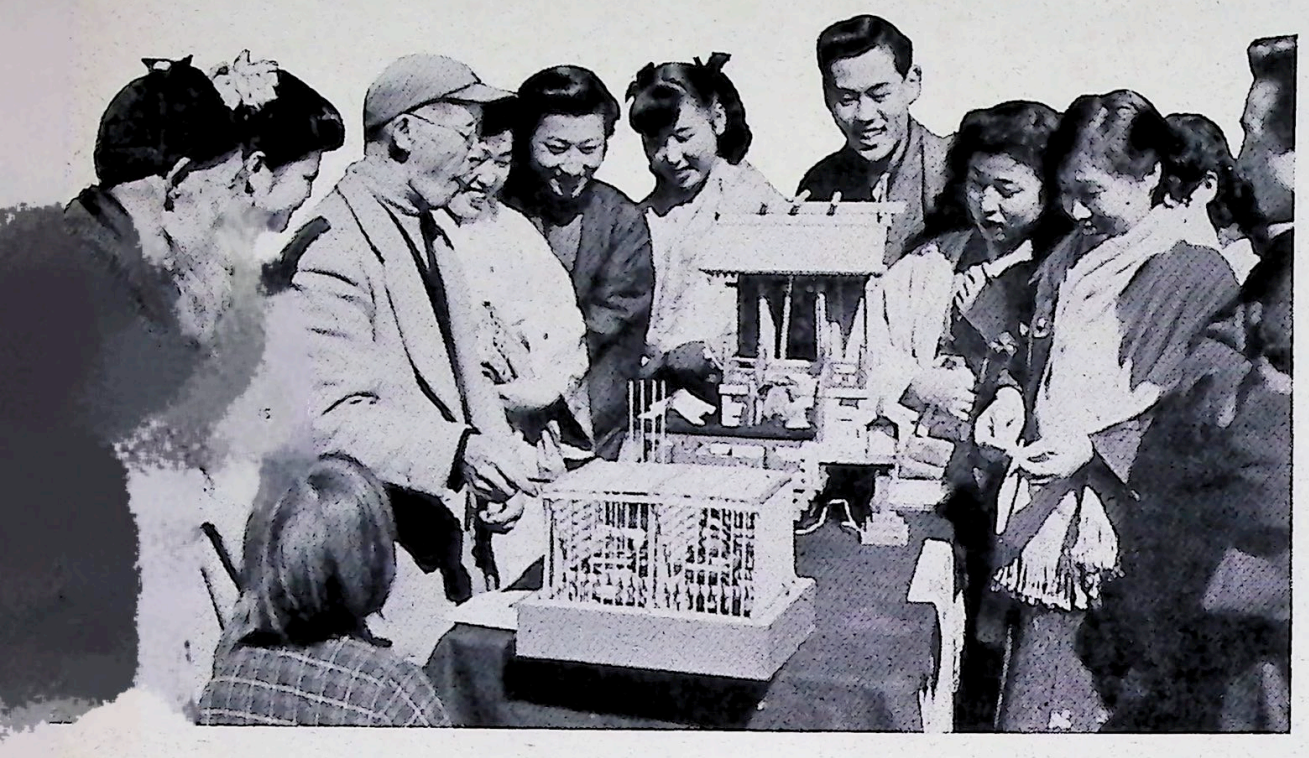
When handing back change to a purchaser, the Japanese will first hand over the biggest note. The implication is that as long as you receive the major portion of the change the rest is considered relatively unimportant. Very few Japanese even count the small change when it is received, for to do so would be looked upon as a sure sign of parsimony.

Though generally poor, the Japanese pretend to be unconcerned about money matters. If there is any change to be paid between two friends, and the amount is small, the would-be receiver either declines to accept it or tells the other party to keep it.

Japanese reluctance to discuss personal money affairs is such that when a Japanese goes out for a cup of coffee or lunch with several of his friends, one person usually pays the entire bill and seldom is there a settling-up afterward.

When Japanese carpenters saw or plane lumber, they pull the tools toward themselves. No Western carpenter would do this. Similarly, when striking a match or sharpening a pencil, they do it away from their bodies.

The Japanese umbrella is made of oiled paper on ribs of bamboo.



When closed it is carried handle down by means of a ring or loop at the top.

Innumerable examples of such customs which are opposite to Western ways can be cited. In fact, if Occidentals assume the Japanese generally do things the opposite way from them they will probably not be far from wrong.

The Japanese do not seem to consider heating their houses in cold weather. The only source of heat inside the house is usually a small charcoal stove, which is used more for warming the hands than the room itself. Instead, the Japanese go out into the open and build a bonfire. Such a fire is made by burning stacks of straw and as many people as possible cluster around the fire to warm their bodies. This type of fire is usually made on bleak wintery mornings before the start of the day's work. It is a very unsatisfactory method of heating for Westerners as the heat generated is soon dissipated into the air and the smoke gets in your eyes. Moreover, as soon as the fire goes out everyone gets cold again.

Japanese houses are not suitable for installing stoves, let alone fireplaces, since they are too flimsily built. In any case, the average Japanese would be too poor to afford a stove in his house since fuel is scarce and expensive.

When visiting a friend's house, the host often invites the caller to take a bath as soon as he arrives. This is looked upon as a great hospitality, comparable to an invitation to stay for dinner. In the West, such an invitation would be regarded as an affront implying the visitor is so dirty he needs a bath.

At a formal dinner party in Japan, before the dinner starts the host delivers a speech, to which the principal guest responds. And at such a party the Japanese do not serve one dish after another as is done in the West. Rather, most of the dishes are already placed on the tray long before the dinner commences. Only soup, rice, and special items are brought in after the dinner starts.

The "pre-dinner" speech is exceedingly annoying to most guests, especially when they are hungry. The appetizing dishes so beautifully arranged on the tray in front of you are most tantalizing, but no one is supposed to touch them until the speeches are over. By that time some of the dishes are cold, although the Japanese as a rule do not mind cold food.

I should like to mention one other remarkable aspect of a Japanese dinner: the host usually runs away before the guests have taken their leave! This unWestern-like practice is a result of the fact that Japanese dinners are seldom given at home. They are held at teahouses or restaurants and are usually stag affairs.

A dinner party is a sort of organized attempt by everyone concerned to get tipsy and be merry. Some parties end up in a little wild revelling. The guests, feeling the effects of the alcohol, like to stay on and spend as much time at the inn as they can, usually in the company of the geisha hostesses. The host, therefore, does not wish to mar the happy mood of his guests, nor does he want to stay indefinitely until they all leave. Hence his sudden disappearance! Also he may perhaps be a busy man, with other engagements, or having to make the rounds of other parties.

When visiting friends, the Japanese usually takes with him a gift of some sort which he presents at the conclusion of the visit. The gift is usually wrapped in paper, and the recipient is not supposed to open it in the presence of the donor. When presenting his gift,

the donor apologizes for its smallness, saying the article is valueless or is hardly worth being accepted. The recipient contradicts such remarks promptly by saying he is extremely touched by the expression of such kindness as shown in the act of presenting the gift, although he does not know what the contents of the package are.

The Japanese avoids causing embarrassment to the donor by not opening the package in the latter's presence, in case the gift happens to be of a mediocre or unsatisfactory nature.

When making a monetary gift a Japanese often puts the money in an envelope. Even a tip, other than that given to a railroad porter and such people, is enclosed in a small envelope especially made for the purpose.

Checks are not generally used in daily life, and even the monthly salary of workers is invariably paid in cash. Such cash is almost always enclosed in an envelope. This practice of enclosing gifts of money in envelopes is derived from our disinclination to deal too openly with money matters.

Few take the trouble of examining the contents of the pay envelope when it is received, for to do so would betray bad manners.

Also, they would want to avoid the embarrassment of showing disappointment, in case the money in the envelope is less than they expected.

When staying at an hotel it is not customary for the guest to ask for rates when he registers. Consequently, a guest at a Japanese inn is kept in the dark as to the amount of the bill until it is presented at the end of his stay. It is considered ill-mannered to discuss money matters at an inn, where the innkeeper is supposed to offer his best hospitality regardless of how much he will be paid for it.

The story of the topsy-turvyism of the Japanese people would not be complete without mentioning the well-known fact that in Japan men are definitely considered the superior sex. Chivalry in the Western sense is little understood in Japan. Man's superiority over women derives principally from the feudalistic notion that women are supported by men, and that the woman's duty is to bring up the children and keep the house. Under such circumstances there is little difference between wife and maidservant.

The Japanese woman is exceedingly patient. She has to put up with all kinds of hardship and to bear ever her husband's unkind acts, such as his keeping a concubine. By Japanese custom, she is wedded into her husband's family, not just to the husband himself, and once in the family it is her duty and mission to uphold the tradition of the family. Therefore, divorce is unthinkable and is considered dishonorable, even if all the wrongs are on the side of the husband.

In the Japanese home the husband is omnipotent. Middle and upper-class families usually have a private bath in their house. The bath is a usual Japanese one, with hot water kept in the tub for soaking and warming one's body and not changed more than once in a day. The privilege of taking the first bath is invariably accorded to the master of the house, and after him come the children, then his wife, and finally the servants.

The fortitude and self-denial with which the Japanese woman tolerates all kinds of discomfort and difficulties have become second nature. Japanese women giving birth in an American or European maternity hospital have often been the subject of considerable admiration on the part of hospital nurses and doctors.

For a variety of reasons, the Japanese wife's housekeeping is extremely onerous. For one thing, her kitchen is so primitive she has to spend hours preparing meals. Except in major urban areas, gas is not generally used for cooking.

The Japanese husband thinks it beneath his dignity to condescend to work in the kitchen and leaves everything to his wife, even when domestic help is not available. The average Japanese wife spends at least two hours in preparing breakfast alone.

The Japanese way of making the bed at night and tucking the bedding away into the closet again in the morning calls for considerably more time and labor than making the bed in Western homes.

Loyalty of the Japanese wife to her husband is a virtue excelled in by few other peoples, I believe.

The Japanese women's lot, however unenviable, cannot be branded as altogether miserable. There is one redeeming feature. When she becomes old and her children are all grown and earning their own living, the elderly mother is usually well taken care of by them, and also by her grandchildren. It is then that the Japanese mother can look back over her years of almost incessant toil and know that her self-sacrifice has not been in vain.

While such a feudalistic social system is bound to change in the long run, it will be many years before any appreciable progress can be made along Western lines. ♦

ETERNAL BIRTH

by Eric Fromm

Man's evolution is based on the fact that he has lost his original home, nature—and that he can never return to it, can never become an animal again. There is only one way he can take: to emerge fully from his natural home, to find a new home—one which he creates, by making the world a human one and by becoming truly human himself.

When man is born, the human race as well as the individual, he is thrown out of a situation which was definite, as definite as the instincts, into a situation which is indefinite, uncertain and open. There is certainty only about the past, and about the future as far as it is death—which actually is return to the past, the inorganic state of matter.

The problem of man's existence, then, is unique in the whole of nature. He has fallen out of nature, as it were, and is still in it. He is partly divine, partly animal, partly infinite, partly finite. *The necessity to find ever-new solutions for the contradictions in his existence, to find ever-higher forms of unity with nature, his fellowmen and himself, is the source of all psychic forces which motivate man, of all his passions, affects and anxieties.*

The animal is content if its physiological needs—its hunger, its thirst and its sexual needs—are satisfied. Inasmuch as man is also animal, these needs are likewise imperative and must be satisfied. *But inasmuch as man is human, the satisfaction of these instinctual needs is not sufficient to make him happy. They are not even sufficient to make him sane. The archimedic point of the specifically human dynamism lies in this uniqueness of the human situation. The understanding of man's psyche must be based on the analysis of man's needs stemming from the conditions of his existence.*

The problem, then, which the human race as well as each individual has to solve is that of being born. Physical birth, if we think of the individual, is by no means as decisive and singular an act as it appears to be. It is, indeed, an important change from intrauterine into extrauterine life. But in many respects the infant after birth is not different from the infant before birth. It cannot perceive things outside, cannot feed itself, it is completely dependent on the mother, and would perish without her help.

Actually, the process of birth continues. The child begins to recognize outside objects, to react affectively, to grasp things and to coordinate his movements, and to walk. But birth continues. The child learns to speak. It learns to know the use and function of things. It learns to relate itself to others, to avoid punishment and gain praise and liking.

Slowly, the growing person learns to love, to develop reason, to look at the world objectively. He begins to develop his powers, to acquire a sense of identity, to overcome the seduction of his senses for the sake of an integrated life.

Birth then, in the conventional meaning of the word, is only the beginning of birth in the broader sense. The whole life of the individual is nothing but the process of giving birth to himself. We should be fully born, when we die—although it is the tragic fate of most individuals to die before they are born.

From all we know about the evolution of the human race, the birth of man is to be understood in the same sense as the birth of the individual. When man had transcended a certain threshold of minimum instinctive adaptation, he ceased to be an animal. But he was as helpless and unequipped for human existence as the individual infant is at birth.

The birth of man began with the first members of the species *homo sapiens*, and human history is nothing but the whole process of this birth. It has taken man hundreds of thousands of years to take the first steps into human life. He went through a narcissistic phase of magic omnipotent orientation, through totemism, nature worship, until he arrived at the beginnings of the formation of conscience, objectivity, brotherly love.

In the last 4000 years of his history, he has developed visions of the fully born and fully awakened man, visions expressed in not too different ways by the great teachers of man in Egypt, China, India, Palestine, Greece and Mexico.

The fact that man's birth is primarily a negative act, that of being thrown out of the original oneness with nature, that he cannot return to where he came from, implies the process of birth is by no means an easy one.

Each step into his new human existence is frightening. It always means to give up a secure state, which was relatively known, for one which is new, which one has not yet mastered. Undoubtedly, if the infant could think at the moment of the severance of the umbilical cord, he would experience the fear of dying. A loving fate protects us from this first panic.

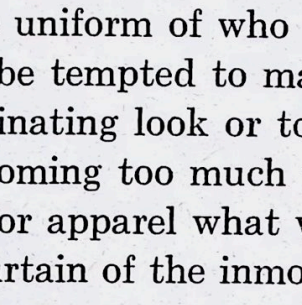
But at any new step, at any new stage of our birth, we are afraid again. We are never free from two conflicting tendencies: one to emerge from the womb, from the animal form of existence into a more human existence, from bondage to freedom. Another, to return to the womb, to nature, to certainty and security.

In the history of the individual, and of the race, the progressive tendency has proven to be stronger, yet the phenomena of mental illness and the regression of the human race to positions apparently relinquished generations ago, show the intense struggle which accompanies each new act of birth. ◆

THE FEAR OF GOD

by Robert Frost

If you should rise from Nowhere up to Somewhere,
From being No one up to being Someone,
Be sure to keep repeating to yourself
You owe it to an arbitrary god
Whose mercy to you rather than to others
Won't bear too critical examination.
Stay unassuming. If for lack of license
To wear the uniform of who you are,
You should be tempted to make up for it
In a subordinating look or tone
Beware of coming too much to the surface,
And using for apparel what was meant
To be the curtain of the inmost soul.



ACQUAINTED WITH THE NIGHT

I have been one acquainted with the night.
I have walked out in rain – and back in rain.
I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.
I have passed by the watchman on his beat
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet
When far away an interrupted cry
Came over houses from another street,

But not to call me back or say good-by;
And further still at an unearthly height,
One luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.
I have been one acquainted with the night.

THERE IS NO MYSTERY TO THE LAW

by Max Radin

An educated man feels that he must have in mind a modicum of information about history, science, economics, politics, art and literature. He may make no pretension—he generally makes no pretension—to be an expert in any of these fields but he would be a little ashamed if he was crassly ignorant of them. But if it is a matter of law, the ordinary citizen is likely not only to be completely ignorant but to boast of his ignorance.

He thinks of the law as something mysterious, irrational and unnecessary. He has toward it a mixture of fear, resentment and suspicion which he tries to cover by an attitude of almost constant derision. A great deal of threadbare wit is expended on the wide gap between law and justice—in which latter field everybody thinks himself a wholly qualified expert—and on the unscrupulousness and chicanery of lawyers.

The ordinary sources of public information in this instance are not only defective but are for the most part misleading. When newspapers deal with anything that concerns the law, they select those cases that savor of melodrama or pruriency, often representing them inaccurately and as often as not with partisanship even if they are nonpolitical.

In fiction, doctors, engineers or other specialists may be heroes; lawyers, almost never. The cinema knows virtually no lawyer except the successful trickster or the impassioned orator and in most instances in spite of the hundreds of occasions in which courtroom scenes are depicted on the screen, no real effort is made to represent any part of legal procedure accurately, except the courtroom furniture.

The attitude of fear and ignorance, masked by derision, is balanced by an almost pathetic belief that any public deficiency can be remedied by "passing a law" and an equally naive conviction that but for the wicked perversity of lawyers a mysterious something called "the law" would secure people in their rights and protect their property merely by its own operation.

And yet, if there is any part of his social institutions which it would profit the ordinary citizen to know something about, it is the law. For practical purposes, a knowledge of the law would serve him as hygiene does for bodily health. It would not obviate the need of a lawyer in serious difficulties any more than a knowledge of hygiene obviates the need of a physician in the case of serious disease, but it might forestall legal difficulties.

More than that, the law is an all-pervading part of our social structure. There is no moment in our lives—since we cannot live except in society—when our acts or failures to act are not in some way subject to a legal valuation which it behooves us to know, for at any moment our right to act may be challenged.

A free man should know how far his absolute freedom extends. Only some acquaintance with the law will tell him. An honest or even a peaceful man should know what his enforceable duties are. Only the law can inform him and a study of the law as well as history, mathematics, literature and philosophy, should be a part of general education.

We may add to this an even more important fact. At every period of history and in every country, insufficiencies in the social structure become apparent. It is usually admitted that the law can at least help to correct them. But unless the ordinary man can get some idea of what the law can or cannot do, we are likely to accept legal proposals which are either excessive or inadequate or, quite frequently, hopelessly irrelevant.

We cannot get help from the law if we fear the law as an institution to such a degree that we decline to learn anything about it and assume that it is managed by knaves or pedants. The plain man involved in a lawsuit often assumes the attitude of an unarmed native in a jungle of ravenous beasts. He feels that only chance will determine whether he escapes or is killed.

It was not always so and it need not be so. A healthy attitude toward the law involves first the eradication of the fear that comes from ignorance and to be freed from this fear we certainly need not know the law as a professional lawyer knows it. If knowing the law means knowing everything about it, that is not even possible for a lawyer. No one in modern times pretends to have in his mind all the legal material that would be of moment in making a legal judgment.

To give or to get the correct answer to every question is never quite possible for the legal expert. His answer involves the prophecy of what a court—which means a man or a group of men—will do and that involves factors extremely difficult to estimate. Yet for the vast majority of possible legal questions, the answer is so nearly certain that any lawyer or any layman with a slight knowledge of the law can give it precisely. It is in the borderline cases that the difficulty arises.

The public finds it hard to forego its belief that the law should be so certain that an unequivocal answer could be given in every case, just as mathematics has a solution for any mathematical problem, no matter how complicated. This is often called the slot-machine theory of law. You put your question in the machine, push the lever, and the answer comes out at the bottom. Lawyers, of course, hold no such theory.

Once the general public understands to what extent the law is reasonably certain and to what extent it must of necessity be uncertain, and once it is understood that we cannot escape from the law whether or not we resent its uncertainty we shall have taken a definite step toward eliminating some of the deficiencies in the law about which we now complain.

The ordinary citizen finds the law terrifying because it is mys-

terious to him and the lawyer is himself partly responsible for this attitude. Lawyers too often stress this mystery. They like to think of the law as something with which non-lawyers should not be permitted to meddle and they increase its mysterious character by developing a technical terminology in which they not only take pride but which they often assume the public is not capable of learning. The non-professional resents this technical terminology of the law because the terms are much like the terms of ordinary speech and yet are sufficiently different to irritate him.

Courts have definite procedures. The routines involved are difficult and are known in detail only to those experienced in the law. Lawyers frequently utilize these procedures for delays which seem to frustrate the purpose of law and they treat failures in procedure as more serious than defects of substance. This intensifies the mystery and in the opinion of laymen the delays are created only for the purpose of making lawyers indispensable.

It would not be difficult to show the necessity of a certain procedure if lawyers would take the trouble to do so. But as long as the terminology and the special ritual of the law are kept remote from a layman and as strange as possible, the law will necessarily be a "mystery" to both lawyers and laymen.

Whatever the law is, it is presented to the public imagination chiefly in the form of a trial. Nearly everybody is somewhat familiar with what a courtroom looks like and what occurs there although the common representations in plays and movies are quite unreliable. In general, however, the process is familiar.

There is a judge and often, but not always, a jury. There is one man, called the plaintiff, who complains of another, the defendant. It is the business of the judge, with or without the aid of a jury, to decide which of the two is right. In the case of a criminal action, there is properly no plaintiff, although the People or the State is formally so described. A man is accused of a crime. There is an official—an important one—called the district attorney who seeks to prove that the man is guilty. The accused may not be examined at all.

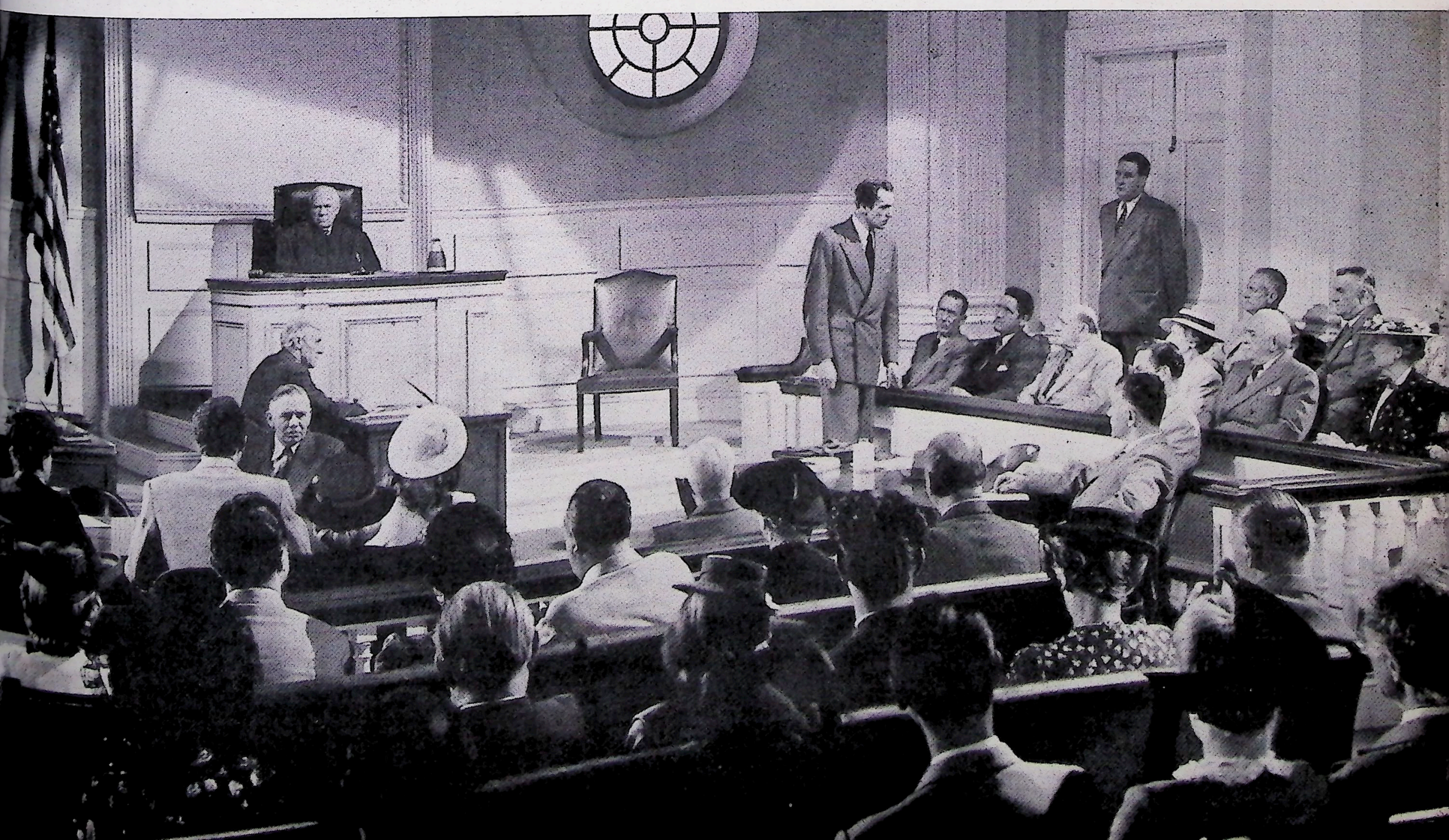
A great many legal matters are involved in both civil and criminal cases. It is in civil cases that for lawyers most of the law is illustrated or determined, and by far the greater part of the business of courts consists of these cases.

The vast body of human relations does not reach the courts at all. But this fact in no way implies that the law has no relation to them. On the contrary, there is not a moment in any form of social living which is not in some way determinable by the law. For most of the great body of social facts, however, the law is so nearly certain that no one bothers to get a judicial determination on the subject.

Law, of course, transcends national boundaries. While it is true that every political unit has its own law, it is equally true that in civilized or regulated societies law develops in strikingly similar forms because it attempts to effectuate similar purposes. Some of this similarity is due to historical factors.

There is a common tradition in the civilization of all Europe, America, Australia, and parts of Asia and Africa, which is grounded partly on the civilization of Greece and Rome and partly on Christianity. There has been a further great increase of all types of intercourse throughout the world with the result that institutions and ideas and customs have been adopted by nations one from another and inevitably some of the legal regulations that go with these things.

Nonetheless, law quickly gets a special set in every nation. It is easier to understand law in general if we speak of it always in terms of our own particular law. Law is one of the ways in which people organized in a special way and living at a particular time express their relations to each other. We shall not understand law, either in the abstract or in the particular, unless we remember this fact. ♦



WHERE THE SKY IS GREEN

by Thomas R. Henry

Antarctica has yielded its secrets slowly, even to daring explorers. In 1902 Britain's Captain Robert F. Scott first broke through the inland barriers of rock and snow. Leading an American expedition in 1929, Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd was first to fly over the South Pole. Currently a number of nations are cooperating in a vast exploration to conquer the "continent of ice."

This may be the last generation of terrestrial explorers. During the past half-century the number of unvisited places on the face of this planet has been reduced to almost zero. Already scientists have predicted moon landings before the end of the century, and the adventurous imagination has begun to turn toward outer space.

With one major exception, only the peaks of the highest mountains and the floors of the deepest seas on earth still are unattained. The exception consists of at least three million square miles of the world's land surface around the South Pole. The green-skyed, white continent at the bottom of the earth is geography's greatest unknown. It is a place of unearthly beauty, majesty, and mystery, and still – despite the technological developments which have taken much of the danger and hardship from exploration – a place of infinite challenge to man's hardiness and courage.

The reasons for its persistence as a mystery-haunted region are various. It is isolated beyond stormy seas, ramparts of ice, and nearly impassable mountains. The land is essentially uninhabitable. Yet the Antarctic is certain to be of constantly increasing public interest as world powers wrangle for titles of empire in the dead wilderness, set up semi-permanent military stations on its edges, and slowly penetrate more and more of its interior.

This dead continent lies swathed in a mile-thick shroud of ice at the bottom of the world. Storms and cold of a hundred million year-long winters have woven this sheet of intricate patterns and many colors around what was once a country of green swamps and forests. Dinosaurs probably roamed its marshes and primitive mammals lurked in its woodlands. No man's eye ever looked on its wild landscape; the weaving of the shroud had started millenniums before the first human appeared on earth.

Now there is only lifeless desolation with white, pink and blue mountains rising like tombstones over the surface of an endless, glittering white desert. The landscape is that of a cosmic graveyard. At least two-thirds of it is totally unknown, and of that part – mainly the coastline – which has been mapped, most of it has been seen only in fleeting glimpses through cloud rifts from fast-flying planes. Fewer than a thousand human beings have set foot on the continent itself.

This is the Antarctic Continent. It is a land mass about the size of the United States and Australia combined – fifth largest of the continents. It is approximately circular in shape but with a narrow projection, the Palmer Peninsula, extending northward toward South America. The continent might be compared to a titanic bowl with a chipped rim, its vast ice plateau bordered for at least two-thirds of its circumference by nearly continuous ranges of high mountains through whose passes gigantic rivers of ice spill into the seas.

Antarctica is the highest of the continents. The average elevation of the interior is more than 7500 feet above sea level, higher than all but the loftiest crests of the Appalachians. It is a continent in the sky, as anyone who has tried to fly over it can testify. In almost the geometric center is the South Pole, the southernmost point on earth where all meridians merge and the only direction is north.

This is the world's coldest land. Even on the sea's edge in mid-summer the temperature seldom rises above zero Centigrade, with

the average for the year at least 40 degrees below that of the lands nearest the North Pole. There are two major reasons for this – first, the elevation, with the resulting thinness of the atmosphere over the south polar plateau; second, the bottom of the world is land, while the top of the world is water which absorbs, retains, and re-radiates heat.

The difference in temperature between the two poles is the difference between life and death. The Arctic, even in winter, is a region of abundant life and the beaches of its islands become fairyland lawns of flowers during the brief summer. Musk-oxen graze in lush pastures of the farthest northlands in the world; insects are so abundant that at times they make life unendurable for the traveler.

Plant life, for all its tricks of wind-blown spores and seeds, cannot get a foothold in Antarctic lands. Even in those rare spots where the surface of the continent is free of ice there is so little soil and the temperature so seldom rises above freezing that seeds have no chance to germinate. Without plants there can, of course, be no permanent animal life, for the magical properties of chlorophyll in green leaves are essential for animal existence. So life here, with very few exceptions, exists only at the edge of the seas.

The continent of Antarctica is in the middle of an ice age. Its desolation is perhaps not unlike what a visitor from another world would have found in parts of Europe or North America during any of the great glaciations. A journey into the interior of Antarctica today might be likened to a time-ship voyage into ten million years ago. But there is one great difference: Life never was brought to a complete standstill in the Northern Hemisphere. Animals and plants retreated before the creeping walls of ice. Through hundreds of generations they adjusted themselves to new ways of living. Here escape was cut off in all directions by deep and stormy seas.

The ancient history of Antarctica is almost entirely a matter of speculation. At one time in the past – perhaps at several times – large parts of the continent enjoyed a temperate, or even semi-tropical, climate, as is evidenced by the remains of abundant life in its rocks. Yet there is no reason to believe that the lands actually at the bottom of the world were ever appreciably warmer than they are at present.

Thus the existence of a semi-tropical vegetation over parts of Antarctica about 200 million years ago remains one of the great unsolved mysteries of geology. Very likely the clue to its solution lies buried for all the time of man in the rocks under the icecap.

Thus Antarctica stands like a menacing white ogre. Sheltered valleys clear of ice have been found on the continent – in summer there are a few open water lakes – and here and there mosses and lichens have been discovered matted on the faces of ledges. Great clouds of smoke filled with corrosive gases pour from the crater of Mount Erebus, the dead continent's only active volcano, indicating thermal activity under the earth's surface. Stark mountain peaks bear unmistakable marks showing that they once were buried under ice.

But the menace of the white continent looms afar. For the present it is a land of mystery and adventure. Almost anywhere one goes in Antarctica he is where man has never been before. It is a place for the making of new heroes, a door ajar into a near infinity of mystery, beauty, glory, and danger. ♦

INTELLIGENCE

what it is

and

is not

by Lightner Witmer

Intelligence I define as the ability of the individual to solve what for him is a new problem. Nor can we omit to discriminate between intelligence and intellect. The learned man, the university professor, exercises his intelligence almost exclusively within the intellectual sphere. Consequently, he likes to measure intelligence in terms of intellectual activity.

It may or may not be true that the highest grades of intelligence are revealed only in the intellectual sphere, but it is important to distinguish one thing from the other and to recognize the possibility that a man or a child may be intelligent without being at all intellectual.

When, therefore, a recent writer says of universities that they are "the very citadels of intelligence, the guardians in trust of the higher intellectual life of our nation," he apparently considers the sphere of intelligence to be co-extensive with that of the intellect. If he is employing intelligence in the sense in which I define it, his statement is false.

I do not believe that universities are any more citadels of intelligence than is Congress or the board of directors of some large corporation. The members of a college faculty are, it is true, guardians of the higher intellectual life. The performance level at which they manifest their intelligence is higher than the performance level of, say, the students whom they teach. But I should look with despair upon my task of instructing college students if I did not think that even the freshman class contained more than one student of greater intelligence than fifty per cent of the college faculty. I could entertain no hope for the future of this country if I did not think that just as many intelligent young men go into the industries as go to college.

Again, we must avoid using the term intelligence when we mean reason or the understanding. Reasoning is only one kind of performance, the material being facts. Intelligence is not exclusively a manifestation of the reasoning process, although reasoning, like every other kind of performance, may be employed to grade intelligence.

The only way in which you can manifest intelligence in understanding, or in reasoning, or in the intellectual field, or in business, or as a college student, or as a school child, is from a relation which must be established between the result of the test, that is to say, the solution of some problems which are set you, and your momentary level of information and training.

A particular problem may serve as a test of your intelligence once. If you are very intelligent and have also a good memory, it will rarely serve its purpose a second time, for as I have said, intelligence is the ability of an individual to solve what for him is a new problem. The ability to solve a new problem is invention.

Invention may be limited to a single field or be manifested in many fields. The generalness of intelligence is measured by the number of resources through which individuals manifest invention. ♦

(continued from page 15)

On Being an Actor

I do when creating a part for myself. For acting is mainly reacting—to someone else. And you can only react if you mentally re-create a person who has qualities to which you are sympathetic.

For example, if you are called upon to play a scene with an actor whom you must hate in a scene and whom you really like, you must visualize the kind of person you really hate so that your reaction will be true. It is this response of an actor which an audience senses and which it feels is either true or false.

The extent of response of audiences depends on the degree to which they identify themselves with the character the actor is projecting. If the identification is complete, so that his joys and sufferings become theirs then only can his acting reach them. Then only can it be truly successful.

It has been said over and over again actors are exhibitionists, that by acting they are merely demonstrating feats of temperament, but I think a good actor is a creator, and the character he creates through his physical self is another person, totally unrelated to his own personality.

I prefer parts that are unlike myself and not those exhibitionistic parts that are given to many Hollywood stars who act as themselves on the screen.

Because of the star system it is easy for an actor to fall into a series of identical parts and these are identical because the actor does not create another person, but only exhibits himself.

I refuse to play duplicate roles. I have frequently turned down good parts because they were too close to work I had already done. A creative actor must master as many kinds of parts as he can find, to increase his range and to prevent being typed.

The recent emphasis on biographical stories has opened a new field for the actor. Within the limits of history the actor has much opportunity to interpret the character. His life has set its mark on history, his actions have been recorded. We are sure of his humanity, because he has lived.

A character in the mind of an author sometimes keeps its remoteness. It may never come to life. The interpretation of a fictitious character may change tremendously between the hands of its actor and author and an entirely different conception may result. A biographical role, on the other hand, is a complete person.

I believe the application of such lives is clear. Whatever knowledge of behavior, of technique, or processes we may have, we must go beyond in motion pictures. We must be able to give artistic and emotional assistance to audiences. Pictures must devote themselves to more than story or personality. They must present themes which will reach the audience. The actor who can present these themes through himself will make a vital and identifying contact with his audience.

By re-creating the lives of characters which have been potent social forces in their own time perhaps the actor can reach people and influence them so they will go forth with a new strength and a new vision in combating the evils of our own society. ♦

Picture Acknowledgments

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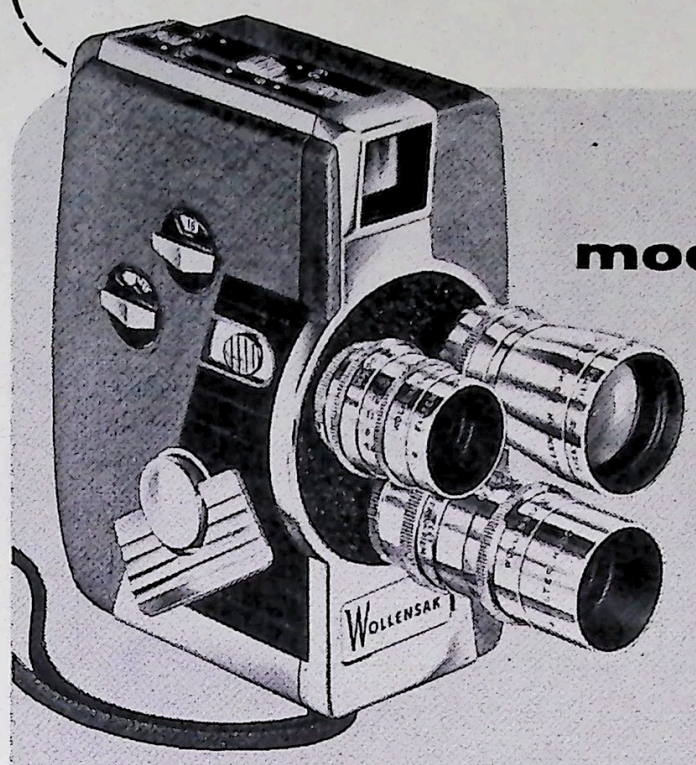

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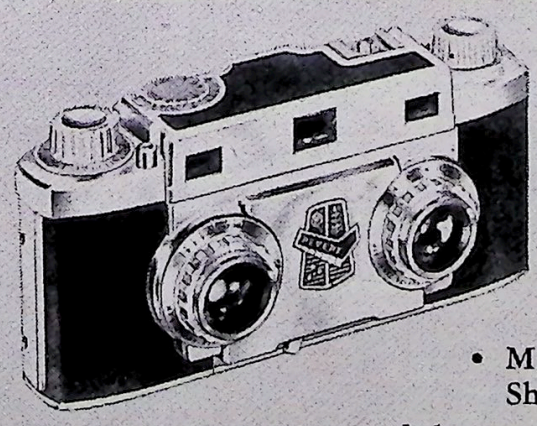

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SEVEN STAGES OF MAN

by William Shakespeare

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad.
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

MAN'S PLEASURES

by George Jean Nathan

Consider man's pleasures. Soon after coming into the world he gleefully shakes a little tin ball with birdshot in it. A little later on he pulls a string which makes a small wooden figure kick up its legs and wiggle its arms. A bit later he takes a small round clay ball in his thumb and forefinger and shoots it at several other small round clay balls. Presently he sits on a wooden horse and rides around rapidly in a circle to the tune of a barrel organ until he is dizzy.

A few years later he begins to hit at a round leather ball with a stick and, when successful in hitting it, drops the stick and starts running around the lot, touching several sacks of cornmeal on the way. Then, night falling, he puts a stiff piece of white linen against his chest, props up his neck with another piece of stiff white linen, stands face to face with a girl and synchronously shakes his hips and feet with her while several men blow horns and beat upon tightly stretched membrane.

Growing older he sits at a table with several other men and spends hours passing around small pieces of cardboard with red and black spots on them. Occasionally he will go out to a converted cow-pasture and hit a little white ball with several different kinds of sticks, uttering happy cries when the little ball falls into a hole in the ground. Coming into old age and preparing to leave the world, he sits at a table with another old man and moves small round pieces of wood across a board marked with little squares.

The Pursuit of Humor

by Frank Moore Colby

While we Americans can never have too much humor, we can hear too much about it. I once followed a long controversy on the subject in the newspapers, especially on the question whether women ever possess this quality in their own right. It was a very solemn affair and a little tedious. Running through it all was an undercurrent of irritability, for these people would insist on citing cases in point, and just as soon as anyone is rash enough to illustrate what he means by humor all hope of a peaceful discussion is gone.

It is a rule alike for man and author never to illustrate in this matter. Disappointment is sure to follow, and sometimes hate. Even George Meredith becomes an object of scorn when he gives us samples of Diana's jokes. A definite promise of humor is always irredeemable. Then there was an extreme jealousy among the disputants lest any one should seem to be claiming more than his share. First one would come out with a scientific definition of it and a general air of mastership. Then another would show him up as an impostor, and in so doing try and give the impression that he had a rather neat turn for it himself.

Like all discussions of humor, it was strenuous and was accompanied by the sound of heavy blows.

Now it is the commonest thing in the world to hear people call the absence of a sense of humor the one fatal defect. No matter how owlish a man is, he will tell you that. It is a miserable falsehood, and it does incalculable harm. A life without humor is like a life without legs. You are haunted by a sense of incompleteness, and you cannot go where your friends go. You are also somewhat of a burden.

But the only really fatal thing is the shamming of humor when you have it not. There are people whom nature meant to be solemn from their cradle to their grave. They are under bonds to remain so. In so far as they are true to themselves they are safe company for anyone; but outside their proper field they are terrible. Solemnity is relatively a blessing, and the man who was born with it should never be encouraged to wrench himself away.

We have praised humor so much that we have started an insincere cult, and there are many who think they must glorify it when they hate it from the bottom of their hearts. False humor-worship is the deadliest of social sins, and one of the commonest.

People without a grain of humor in their composition will eulogize it by the hour. Men will confess to treason, murder, arson, false teeth, or a wig. How many of them will own up to a lack of humor? The courage that could draw this confession from a man would atone for everything.

No good can come from the mad attempts to define humor, but there might be some advantage in determining how people should behave toward it. The first law is that humor is never overtaken when chased. It is the one valuable thing which it is worth no man's while to work for. If this could only be learned, one of the gloomiest and most nefarious of industries would be banished from the world.

So, whether it is a man or woman, or a weekly paper or a department of a magazine, the best advice in case of a deliberate attempt in this field is to give it up altogether. ♦

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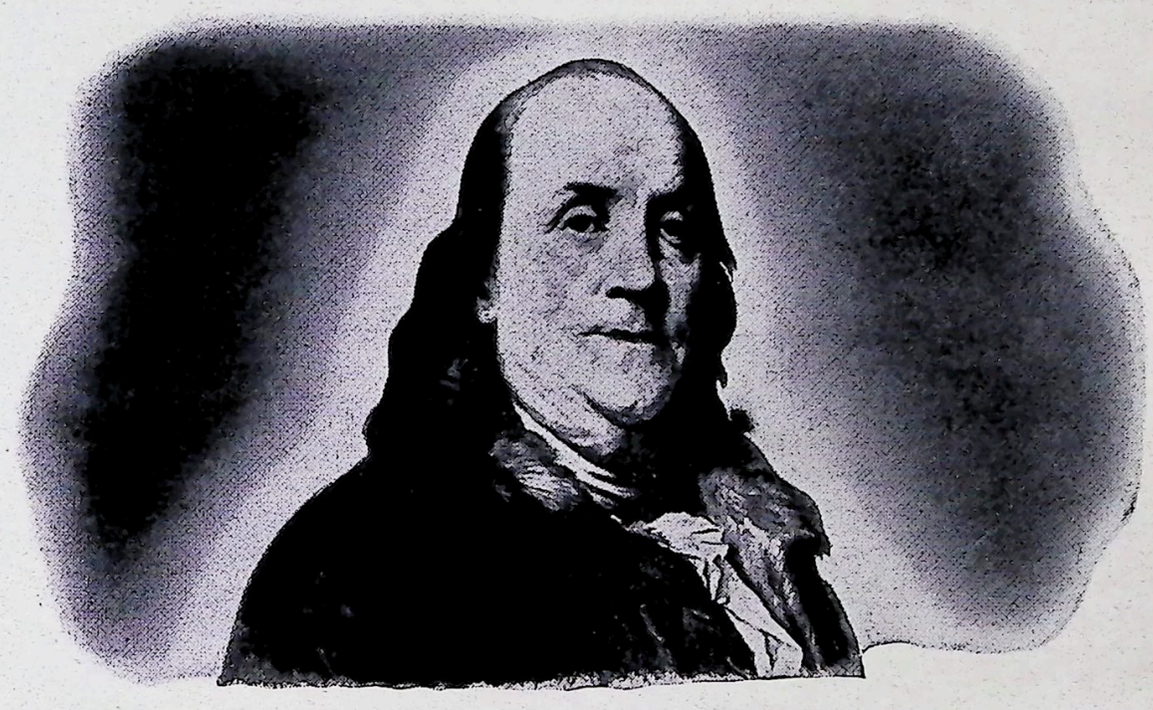

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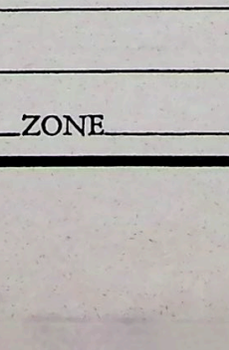

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Time to THINK

by Norman Cousins

We in America have been concerned for some years with the lot of underprivileged peoples throughout the world. But we have yet to do anything for one of the most underprivileged peoples of all. Ourselves.

We have more food than we can eat. We have more money per person than anywhere else in the world; with 6 per cent of the population we hold 80 per cent of the wealth. We have bigger homes, bigger television sets, bigger cars, bigger theaters, bigger schools. We have everything we need, in fact, except the most important thing of all — time to think and the habit of thought. We lack time for the one indispensable for safety of an individual or a nation.

Thought is the basic energy in human history. Civilization is put together not by machines but by thought. Similarly, man's uniqueness is represented not by his ability to make objects but to sort them and relate them. Other animals practice communication; only man has the capacity for comprehension.

Displace or eliminate thought, and the species itself has as little claim on survival as the dinosaurs with the four-foot skulls and the pea-sized brains. The impotence of the brute alongside the power of the sage is represented by thought.

Consider where we in America stand today. We have been told and we have told ourselves that we have the responsibility to lead. We are asked to keep freedom alive.

Leadership today requires not so much a determination to smash the other fellow as an understanding of the lessons of human experience. It requires a profound knowledge of the diseases of civilizations. It requires ability to anticipate the effects of actions. In short, it requires thought. But who is doing the thinking? Who is giving sustained and incisive thought to the most complicated and dangerous problem in the age of man?

The paradox, of course, is that we are busy doing nothing. Never before has so much leisure time been available to so many. Leisure hours now exceed working hours. But we have a genius for cluttering. We have somehow managed to persuade ourselves that we are too busy to think, too busy to read, too busy to look back, too busy to look ahead, too busy to understand that all our wealth and all our power are not enough to safeguard our future unless there is also a real understanding of the danger that threatens us and how to meet it. Thus, being busy is more than merely a national passion; it is a national excuse.

The real question, however, concerns not the time or lack of it we provide for thought, but the value we place on thought. What standing does thoughtfulness enjoy in the community-at-large?

Action, accumulation, diversion — these seem to be the great imperatives. We are so busy entertaining ourselves and increasing the size and ornamentations of our personal kingdoms that we have hardly considered that no age in history has had as many loose props under it as our own.

This nation of ours will not reproduce itself automatically. The meaning and the wonder of it will not be sustained by momentum alone. If we have something worth saving, as we have, somewhere in our national culture or economy we shall have to find a proper place for thought.

There is no point in passing the buck or looking for guilty parties. We got where we are because of the busy man in the mirror. ♦

HABIT makes us behave

by William James

Habit is the enormous fly-wheel of society, its most precious conservative agent. It alone is what keeps us all within the bounds of ordinance and saves the children of fortune from the envious uprisings of the poor. It alone prevents the hardest and most repulsive walks of life from being deserted by those brought up to tread therein.

It keeps the fisherman and the deckhand at sea through the winter. It holds the miner in his darkness and nails the countryman to his log-cabin and his lonely farm through all the months of snow. It protects us from invasion by the natives of the desert and the frozen zone.

It dooms us all to fight out the battle of life upon the lines of our nurture or our early choice and to make the best of a pursuit that disagrees, because there is no other for which we are fitted and it is too late to begin again. It keeps different social strata from mixing.

Already at the age of twenty-five you see the professional mannerism settling down on the young commercial traveler, on the young doctor, on the young minister, on the young counselor-at-law. You see the little lines of cleavage running through the character, the tricks of thought, the prejudices, the ways of the "shop," in a word, from which the man can by-and-by no more escape than his coat sleeve can suddenly fall into a new set of folds.

On the whole, it is best he should not escape. It is well for the world that in most of us, by the age of thirty, the character has set like plaster and will never soften again. ♦

(continued from page 39)

...Philosopher with a Lisp

gobbled them up one by one.

Then, in the midst of his triumph, he was assassinated. And Alexander, the pupil of Aristotle, abandoned the theoretical philosophy of his teacher for the practical dreams of his father. He completed Philip's interrupted campaign against the Greeks and he set out to conquer the rest of the world.

Again Aristotle was left to his own resources. He had come to Macedonia in quest of political glory. He now returned to Athens a sadder politician and a wiser philosopher. Enough of practical life. From now on he would devote himself to his studies. Fortunately he was able to plunge into his studies on a tremendous scale. Aside from his own funds he had received from King Philip eight hundred talents – equal in modern purchasing power to about $4,000,000 – for his scientific investigations. Hiring nearly a thousand assistants, he sent them off into every part of the world to collect material and specimens for a comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy and science.

But Aristotle was more than a research scholar. He was primarily a teacher. Still smarting under his defeat as a candidate for the presidency of the academy, he opened a rival school, the lyceum (so called because it was situated in the grove dedicated to Apollo Lyceus, the defender of the flock against the wolves).

Here he gathered his flock of students and prepared them to fight against the wolves of ignorance. In the morning he offered technical courses to his advanced students and in the afternoon he delivered popular lectures to the general public.

His contemporaries have handed down to us a vivid picture of Aristotle as a lecturer. Bald and somewhat potbellied (for he was now turning fifty), carefully and even ostentatiously dressed, thin of leg but keen-eyed and sharp-tongued, he still talked with that boyhood lisp of his as he guided and cajoled and satirized his audiences into the paths of wisdom.

Restless by nature, he was unable to sit still as he lectured to his students, especially in the morning when his classes were small. He paced up and down among the colonnades with his pupils, expounding his views and answering their questions, and thus gained for his lyceum the nickname of the *Peripatetic* school – the school of *Strolling Philosophers*. To this day the Aristotelian philosophy is known as the Peripatetic system.

Gentle, unperturbed and wise, Aristotle continued to point out to his fellow-men the middle course of safety that lay between the rashness of conquest and the cowardice of submission. But the times were out of joint.

The Athenians were in no mood to listen to wisdom. They accused Aristotle of being a pro-Macedonian spy. They couldn't forget he had been the teacher of Alexander. As for Alexander, he too had grown hostile toward Aristotle. Wisdom and war were two irreconcilable enemies. It would be safer for Alexander if Aristotle could be put out of the way.

And so the gentle philosopher was beset by dangers on either side. One of these dangers was eliminated when Alexander died as the result of a drunken debauch. But the other danger, stemming from the suspicion of the Athenians, kept constantly growing until finally Aristotle was threatened with arrest.

Mindful of the fate of Socrates, Aristotle left the city before it was too late. He wouldn't give the Athenians "a second chance of sinning against philosophy," he said.

Aristotle had escaped from the judges, but he couldn't escape from death. It lay in wait for him in his exile. He died only a year after his departure from Athens.

Just before his death he wrote the greatest of his works – a brief but epoch-making will in which he provided for the deliverance of his slaves, history's first emancipation proclamation. ♦

Sleep

by Thomas Dekker

Do but consider what an excellent thing sleep is:
it is so inestimable a jewel, that, if a tyrant would give
his crown for an hour's slumber, it cannot be bought.
Of so beautiful a shape is it, that though a man lie with
an Empress, her heart cannot beat quiet till he
leaves her embracements to be at rest with the other.
Yea, so greatly indebted are we to this kinsman of death,
that we owe the better tributary, half of our life to
him, and there is good cause why we should
do so, for sleep is that golden chain that ties health
and our bodies together.

Who complains of want? of wounds? of cares? of great
men's oppressions? of captivity? whilst he sleepeth?
Beggars in their beds take as much pleasure as kings.
Can we therefore surfeit on this delicate Ambrosia?
Can we drink too much of that whereof to taste too little
tumbles us into a churchyard, and to use it but
indifferently throws us into Bedlam? No, No, look upon
Endymion, the moon's minion, who slept three
score and fifteen years, and was not a hair the worse for it.

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Dictionary for Moderns

by Hal Stebbins

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXY

ambition:
To stay rustless, stay restless.

amputation:
When the operator cuts you off.

archaeology:
Stones and bones.

audit:
Accounts Deceivable.

beach:
The bare facts of life.

beauty:
What every woman wants—
every other woman not to have.

candidate:
A man who is obligated to
everyone but the public.

captain:
A crisp greenback, garnished
with tuxedo, and served
with mint sauce.

cash:
A most peculiar commodity:
if people know you have it,
you don't have to have it.

charm:
The ability to register surprise
when you're hearing it
for the hundredth time.

children:
Destiny in rompers.

Christmas:
A day when humans are human.

cigarette:
A nervous substitute
for conversation.

coffee:
The only reason people smile at
each other in the morning.

courtship:
Perpetual emotion.

critic:
Indigestion in print.

diagnosis:
What you knew all along—
for nothing.

dividend:
What's left after what's left.

ears:
Through these portals pass the
most beautiful lies in the world.

encyclopedia:
Education by the pound.

evolution:
When love ripens into friendship.

graduation:
A place to start—not stop.

happiness:
You don't find it—it finds you.

homicide:
When you kill time, you
commit murder.

hypochondriac:
A pill collector.

journalist:
A newspaper man who takes his
hat off when typing.

laughter:
The world's crying need.

marriage:
The idea is more civilized than
the people who try it.

microbe:
Man under glass.

mink:
Proof that someone cares—
little for money.

opinion:
What you read in last
night's paper.

pastry:
I love it too!

pathologist:
A man who sees through you
when you're not there.

pedestrian:
The Vanishing American.

perfectionist:
A person to whom trifles
are tremendous.

philosopher:
A man who has learned to
laugh at himself.

playwright:
A gusher that often goes dry
on opening night.

propaganda:
Publicity that the other fellow got.

psychiatrist:
A man who takes it while
you're lying down.

psychosomatic:
A $40-word for Horse Sense.

recipe:
To stay youthful, stay useful.

romance:
The greatest drug in the world.

salesman:
A man who emulates a good
surgeon: he gets in and gets out.

sclerosis:
Anybody who stops learning—
at any age.

sheep:
An animal that has to stay awake
because you can't sleep.

solitude:
Nesting place of genius.

spasm:
When nobody reaches
for the check.

stomach:
A weigh-station where
odd parcels are sifted and sorted
and the shipper's ignorance
is discounted.

strategy:
To speak volumes—
and say nothing.

suspenders:
A lack of faith.

theater:
A place where ham is served
at exorbitant prices.

truism:
The best things are done by men
who haven't time to do them.

tycoon:
Usually a man voted by his
graduating class as
the least likely to succeed.

university:
A center of yearning.

virus:
An excellent diagnosis when
you don't know the answer.

wine:
The magic bubble that makes
a peasant a poet.

work:
The best way to find yourself
is to get lost in it.

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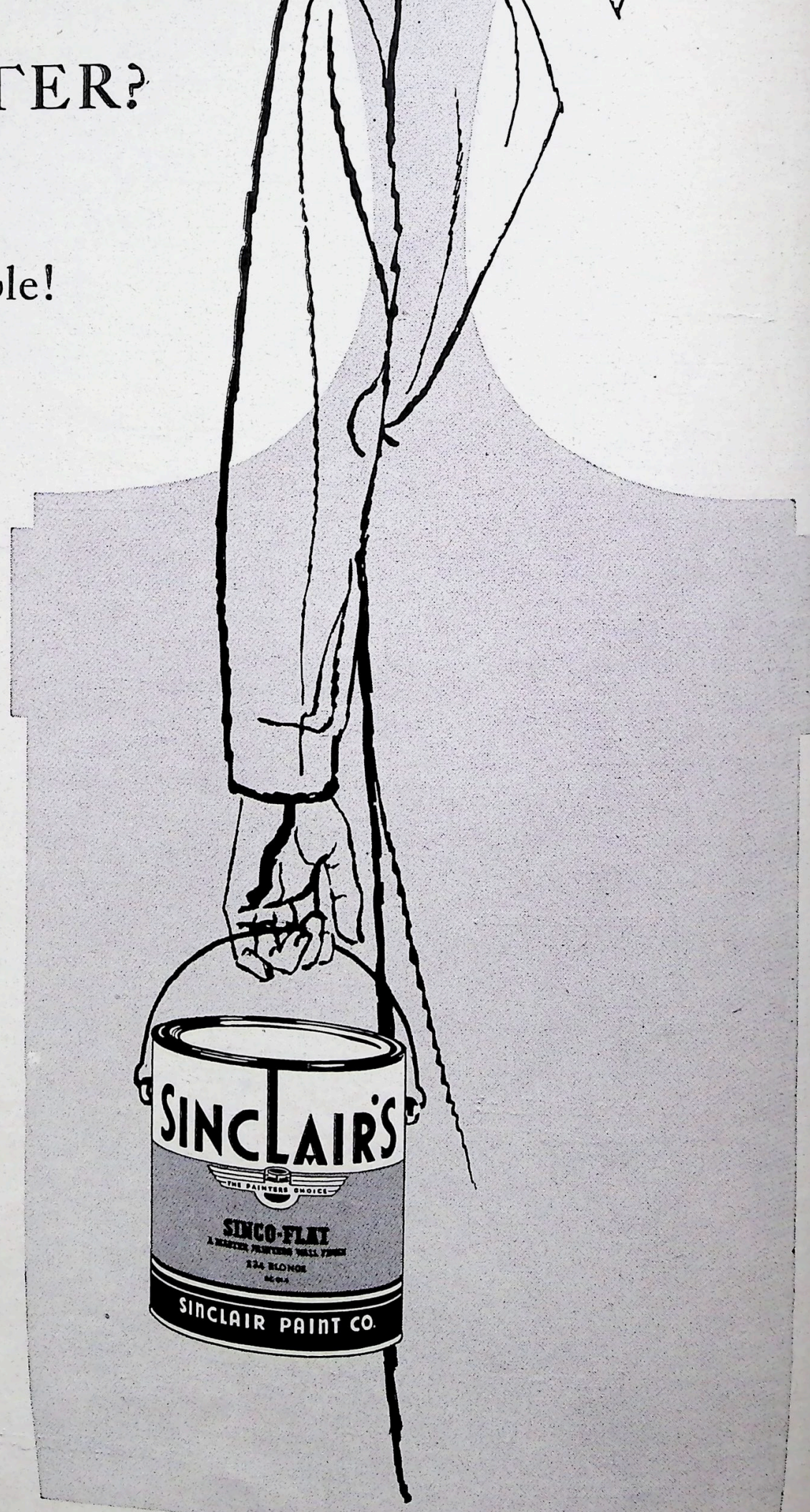

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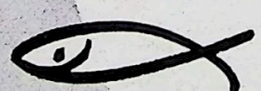

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(continued from page 57)

Horatio Alger's Golden Ladder

But biography was not his medium. He needed the freedom of fiction. Alger turned out 135 novels which sold at least 20,000,000 copies. The books were not carefully constructed or written. Yet they became dicta for two generations of rising Americans.

Because he customarily wrote two books simultaneously, he sometimes got his characters mixed. Hence Grant Thornton disappears mysteriously from *Helping Himself* (chapter IX) only to pop up and thrash a bully in *Hector's Inheritance* (chapter XIII). Did Alger's readers mind? Not in the least. To them an Alger novel was as much a part of the scheme of things as state fairs, Sunday and the Declaration of Independence.

He never let them down. Even as the novel was being written, some real-life American of Alger's day would be living the legend he heralded. James B. Duke was peddling his first tobacco. Henry Ford was moving up from his job of polishing steam engines. Thomas Edison was graduating from his newspaper hawking and John D. Rockefeller, after a period of unemployment, was lining up a job. The times not only made the novels; they also justified them.

None of the peaches and cream of his books spilled over into Alger's life. There is pathos of his tipping the Astor House desk clerk to point out celebrities, or pounding the drum in newsboys' parades. A violent affair with a married woman, the antagonism of his family and his failure to rid himself of despair, lined the face of the plump balding author and caused him to seek refuge in the Newsboys' Lodging House in New York City.

To the end he wrote steadily, desperately, parodying his own earlier style, writing for boys because he couldn't write for men. School teachers found it hard to read his little sagas with a straight face. The gilt had long since worn off his style.

At the century's end he died quietly in a drab dormitory room. Sometime before he had written, half in jest, his own epitaph. No one could have written a better one:

> *"Six feet underground reposes Horatio Alger,*
> *Helping Himself to a part of the earth, not Digging*
> *for Gold or In Search of Treasure, but Struggling*
> *Upward and Bound to Rise at last In a New World*
> *—where it shall be said he is Risen from the Ranks."*

In the twentieth century, which has rejected so many of the economic principles of the nineteenth, the self-made man literature has splintered and degenerated. A violent and positive reaction against Alger's happy stuffy world came from the naturalist writers. This group tended to view man as a superior animal rather than a sacred creature and concentrated upon his more elemental events and motives.

The defense of the pure-and-simple self-made man fell into the adolescent but skillful hands of Tom Swift. Tom, the hero of a long series of boys' books by Victor Appleton, based his success on the perfectibility of machines. By using all the latest gadgets, Tom managed (from the turn of the century to mid-Depression) to preserve justice, white supremacy and the American home. To his millions of young readers, he promised Better Things for Better Living through Science. He was Horatio Alger's Sturdy Lad with rockets on. Of course he Got Ahead supersonically.

Under his different guises, the self-made hero is always the Cinderella of our bourgeois society, the personification of the equalitarianism at the basis of our political structure. It seems unfair that he should have been the target of violent attacks in the 1920's and '30's. He may have been naive, but he was not a boob. His sense of values may have seemed crude, but it was a part of the pattern of his times, his education and his experience.

Whatever his failings, he made distinct – and notable – contributions to America. He may have been more earthy than ethereal and a stranger to the golden rule, but he helped fulfill the material promises of the Promised Land. ♦

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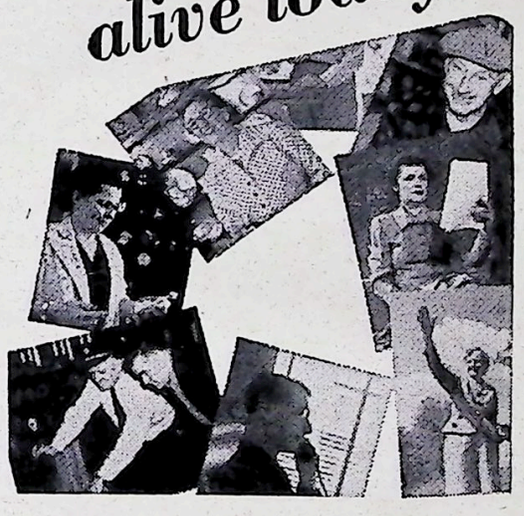

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